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GOODWOOD HOUSE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

of *The School for Scandal*, Mrs. Stirling lending her aid as 'Mrs. Candour,' and Mr. W. H. Stephens, as 'Sir Peter Teazle.'

Mr. Craven Robertson's *Caste* company terminate their engagement to-night at the Standard, where they have appeared during the week in the three comedies *Caste*, *Ours*, and *School*, on alternate evenings. They will be succeeded here on Monday next by Mr. Bateman's company for a series of representations of the famous Lyceum plays, commencing with *Charles I.*, supported by Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Isabel Bateman, and the whole of the Lyceum company, and with the original scenery, costumes, appointments, &c. Mr. Halliday's Olympic drama, *Little Em'ly*, with Mr. S. Emery as 'Dan'l Peggotty,' has been repeated with increased success, during the week, at the Marylebone. To-night, Mr. Emery will appear in his famous character of 'Captain Cuttle,' in *Heart's Delight*.

Among the minor entertainments of the metropolis, those of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, and Dr. Lynn, both at the Egyptian Hall, continue to attract and astonish large audiences, and are each well worth seeing. The former, each afternoon and evening, and Dr. Lynn's in the afternoons and evenings of the last three days of the week only, as he at present has engaged the Eight Russian Lady Singers to give their vocal entertainments in his large Hall, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Mr. Hamilton's panorama and accompanying description of an excursion across the Atlantic, and grand tour through America, now exhibiting at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, will afford a couple of hours of very agreeable amusement, as well as interesting information.

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday last the season of the Royal Italian Opera was brought to a close; and for the final performance, Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* was judiciously selected. This opera, more than any other in the repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera, displays the full resources of Covent Garden Theatre, and the spirited management of Mr. Gye. The immense stage permits of the evolutions of a large body of performers; of whom in the camp scene, there are many hundreds at one time visible; the scenic effects are so contrived as to give the effect of almost endless space; and, with the two principal characters in the hands of Adelina Patti and Faure, the music is unfailingly attractive. The performance on Saturday last was one of the finest that has ever been given, and it seemed as if the chief artists had resolved to outshine all their previous efforts, in order to intensify the regret of the audience at parting with them. Adelina Patti never sang nor acted more exquisitely. In the great Trio, for voice and two flutes, her singing was so full of brilliant execution, combined with beauty of tone and purity of intonation, that she was frequently interrupted by involuntary bursts of applause, and when the opera concluded, the cheers of the audience were continuous until the curtain rose, and showed the whole body of the Royal Italian Opera Chorus assembled on the stage, with the indefatigable little *prima donna* ready to sing the solo verse of "God save the Queen." When this was over, she was recalled again and again, as if the audience were unwilling to part with her, and it was only when she finally retreated from the stage—visibly overcome by emotion—that these affectionate and admiring tributes ceased.

Adelina Patti has indeed been the "bright particular star" of the past season, as of many of its predecessors, and no amount of praise that may be bestowed upon her can exceed her merits. As an actress she is equally excellent in comedy and tragedy, and there is hardly a living performer who could surpass her in either. The great charm of her acting is the entire concealment of art. She never seems to be acting; but, whether she is winning smiles by her irresistible comedy, or enforcing tears by her tragic pathos, she is ever the character she represents. You are made merry by Rosina;—you are sad with Elvira; but you forget there is such a person as Adelina Patti; until the conventional acting of some other performer destroys the illusion which her genius has produced. As a vocalist, she is at this time absolutely unrivalled, and indeed it is the general testimony of veteran critics that from the days of Malibran until now, the operatic stage has never seen her equal. Her voice, which was always of exquisite brilliancy and sweetness, has latterly gained a great increase of power, particularly in the lower tones; which have become such as a contralto might envy, without the least deterioration of the bright upper notes for which she has always been famed. This beautiful voice has been brought to the highest pitch of excellence by judicious cultivation, and has been made so flexible that its owner can execute chromatic and diatonic scales with a rapidity beyond the reach of any instrumentalist. Her intonation is absolutely faultless, and her phrasing is a model for all vocalists; while the charm of her performance is enhanced by the apparent ease with which the most difficult *tours de force* are executed.

An affectionate personal regret was evidently mingled with the farewell cheers with which she was greeted on Saturday last, and her return to the Royal Italian Opera on the 10th May next will be anxiously looked for by all who are capable of appreciating innate genius, developed by cultivation to the highest pitch of artistic excellence, as exhibited in the person of Adelina Patti.

M. Faure, as 'Peter the Great,' sang and acted splendidly. The remaining characters were represented as before, and the band did full justice to the instrumental music, under the able direction of Signor Vianesi.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

ON Monday last, the closing performance of the Season was given, for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson. The opera chosen for this occasion, was Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which had not been heard previously this season, and was none the less welcome. The 'Donna Anna' was Mdle. Titiens, who has at the present time no rival in the part. The power and beauty of her voice, the force and dignity of her acting, found full scope in this eminently "dramatic" rôle, and frequently elicited warm applause. Madame Christine Nilsson again assumed the rôle of 'Elvira,' and her impersonation was so admirable, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, that she restored the part to the importance originally assigned to it by Mozart, who never intended that 'Donna Anna' should be deemed a more important character than 'Elvira'; but, on the contrary, considered the latter the chief soprano rôle of the three which are to be found in his *Don Giovanni*. The remembrance of Christine Nilsson's 'Elvira,' will long remain in the memories of those who had the good fortune to be present on Monday last, when this great artiste vindicated her popularity by an impersonation so full of vocal and dramatic charm, that it became difficult whether to praise more her acting or her singing. She thoroughly identified herself with her rôle, and never seemed conscious of her audience. How happy a

reform it would be, if all other operatic artists would follow so good an example! As a general rule, the operatic artist displays complete indifference to the business of the scene, except when actually occupied in singing; and does almost nothing to help in completing the dramatic illusion which is essential to general success. Nilsson, on the contrary, was always helping to sustain the dramatic illusion, whether singing or listening; and, without any of the offensive bye-play which is sometimes obtruded by petty artistes in order to attract attention to themselves, she contrived to give positive help to her comrades, by appropriate action and gesture while they were singing. Her costume was in excellent taste. In place of the usual black-stuff gown, she wore a black velvet dress relieved with quilted blue satin at the shoulders, bodice, and sleeves, with a hat to match, and looked like a lovely portrait by Velasquez, suddenly endowed with life. It seems almost superfluous to say that she sang the music exquisitely. Both her first song, and the more difficult "Mi tradi" were faultlessly sung, and in the concerted music the beautiful quality of her voice was of inestimable advantage. The 'Zerlina' was Mdle. Singelli, for whom allowance must be made, in consideration of the fact that she had never played the part before; and probably had never, or very seldom, seen the opera performed. That she gave a clever and animated impersonation may readily be credited; but we cannot say that her 'Zerlina' was as successful as her previous performances. Both her songs, "Batt batti" and "Vedrai Carino," lie in the middle soprano register, which is the least effective portion of her voice. The first passed off with hardly a hand, and the second was feebly applauded. In the duet "La ci darem" she was equally ineffective, and in short her 'Zerlina' showed an imperfect tuition in the part. Mdle. Singelli is in many respects so good an artist that there can be little doubt she will be able to improve upon her first presentation of a rôle in which she had the disadvantage of being contrasted with many great predecessors.

Signor Giliandi sang the first song of 'Don Ottavio' ("Dalla sua pace") very neatly, albeit too tamely, and gave a satisfactory rendering of "Il mio tesoro," with the exception of the scale passages, which were wanting in finish. His voice is of remarkably pure and agreeable quality, and was of great service in the concerted music, notably in the "Trio of Masks," sung with Mdles. Nilsson and Titiens, and encoored with enthusiasm.

Signor De Reschi essayed the rôle of 'Don Giovanni' with indifferent success. This is essentially an acting part, and at present Signor De Reschi is not qualified for it, being ill at ease on the stage, awkward in his movements, and unable to represent dramatic emotion. He has a "pretty" voice, more of second tenor than baritone quality; but he is deficient in power, and the concerted music suffered accordingly. The 'Leporello' of Herr Behrens was a well-intentioned performance, but was not very successful as a specimen of acting; while in a musical sense, it was anything but satisfactory. The fine voice of Signor Perkins produced a great impression in the music assigned to the 'Commendatore,' Signor Zoboli was a weak 'Masetto.' The orchestral accompaniments were admirably played, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa.

Mr. Mapleson was called before the curtain to receive the hearty greetings of the large and brilliant audience who had assembled to do him honour, and who testified their warm appreciation of the efforts which he has made during the past season to maintain the reputation of Her Majesty's Opera.

Next week we shall have some remarks to make on the results of the opera season, in reference both to Her Majesty's Opera, and the Royal Italian Opera.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

THE fourth of the new series of "Educational Lectures" recently inaugurated here with signal success, was delivered for the first time on Saturday afternoon by Mr. E. B. Aveling, whose instructive discourse on "Buttercups," as one of the three previous lectures, was eminently interesting. Mr. Aveling in the new lecture treats of "Orchids," and in the simplest and most perspicuous language and manner, explains the formation and marvellous organisation of the several parts of that simple flower, and their individual functions. He made plain to the humblest mental capacity how flies and other insects are attracted to orchids by their colour during the day, and by their peculiar odour at night. How the honey, to sip which is the quest of these flies and insects, is stored, not in the hollow of the minute cone of the petal, but in the interstice between the double walls of the cone, and why nature has ordained it so. We learn that the little seeds contained in the cavity of the orchid would never generate, if planted, unless they are covered or mixed with the impalpable dust which falls from the surrounding or neighbouring trees—this dust accumulates and appears in the shape of two very small patches of black at the top of the cone, and when the fly or insect alights and thrusts its proboscis to suck the honey, its head is pressed forward against the top, the two patches of black being slightly glutinous, stick to his forehead, and he carries them away and unconsciously deposits them on the next orchid he visits; but, through a most wonderful operation of the patches of dust changing their position during transit, they are deposited in a different position on the new flower, to that which they occupied on the original one—in fact, are dropt immediately on the openings to the cells containing the seed, and thus slip down and become mixed with the latter and render them fruitful. The discovery of these and the other exceedingly interesting facts, so lucidly set forth by Mr. Aveling, are due to the close study and minute observation of Dr. Darwin, upon whose treatise upon orchids, &c., the lecture is chiefly founded. From beginning to the end the lecturer kept the attention of the audience perfectly enchained—for it is not a mere recital of dry descriptive details, but each person present being supplied with an orchid in bloom, was enabled to follow for himself each step in the detailed anatomy of the flower by the lecturer; and to render the explanations more clear, enlarged views of the different sections of the flower were shown on the disc by the aid of the microscope. For students in botany, and for schools or the young, these lectures will be found invaluable aids. Professor Gardner's highly important lecture on "Fire and Smoke," illustrated by marvellous experiments on fire and fire opponents, and showing the complete mastery of fire, upon chemical and mechanical principles; and Dr. Croft's amusing version of "The Babes in the Wood," by Mr. Seymour Smith; still continue attractive features in the varied programme of entertainments at this popular institution.

NEW THEATRE AT MARGATE.—The new and handsome theatre erected on the site of the old inconvenient structure at Margate, by Mr. Robert Fort, the lessee of Rosherville Gardens, at Gravesend, was opened for the first time, on Monday last, under the direction of Miss Sarah Thorne, who has been so long and honourably associated with the drama at this favourite resort.

THE CHARING CROSS THEATRE is the theatre at which Miss Lydia Thompson will shortly make her reappearance in London, and produce a comedy by Mr. Burnand and a burlesque by Mr. Farnie. The latter has already been played some 700 times in America by Miss Lydia Thompson and her troupe.

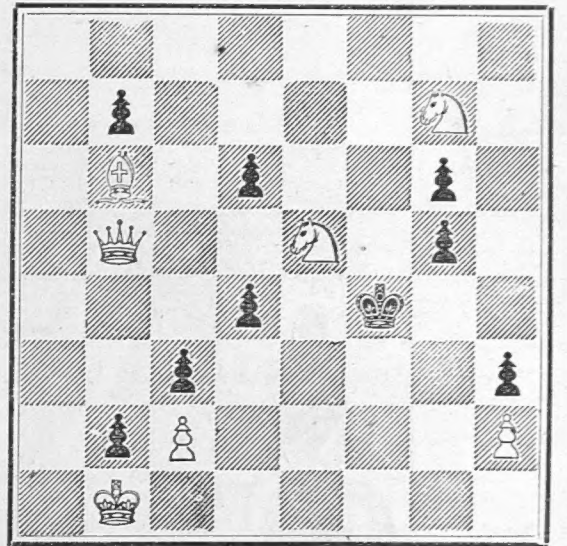
Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 15.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 13.

WHITE.
1. Q to R 7
2. Q to K Kt 8
3. R mates

BLACK.
1. R takes P (or A)
2. K or R moves

(A)

2. R checks
3. Q mates

1. K takes Kt
2. K moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 14.

WHITE.
1. R to K 5
2. Q takes Kt P (ch)
3. R takes B

BLACK.
1. B takes Kt
2. K takes Q

The other variations are obvious.

The following pretty game was played some little time ago in New York between Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. Dill, the former giving the odds of his King's Knight.

[KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.]

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	13. P to Q B 3	13. B to K 3
2. B to Q B 4	2. P to Q B 3 (a)	14. Q to Q 3	14. P takes B P
3. Kt to Q B 3	3. P to Q Kt 4	15. P takes P	15. Q to Q 2
4. B to K Kt 3	4. P to Kt 5	16. B to Q B 2	16. P to K Kt 3
5. Kt to K 2	5. P to Q 4	17. B to K R 6	17. K R to K sq
6. P takes P	6. P takes P	18. Q R to K B sq	18. Kt to K 5
7. P to Q 4	7. P to K 5	19. Kt takes Kt	19. P takes Kt
8. Castles.	8. Kt to K B 3	20. Q takes P (b)	20. B to Q 4
9. P to K B 3	9. P takes P	21. Q to K B 4	21. B takes R
10. R takes P	10. B to K 2	22. B to Q Kt 3 (c)	22. B to Q 4
11. P to K R 3	11. Castles	23. Q takes B P (ch)	23. B takes Q
12. Kt to Kt 3	12. Kt to Q B 3	24. R takes B, and wins.	

NOTES.

- (a) It is quite refreshing nowadays to come across a specimen of this fossil defence. It carries us back to the times of Philidor.
- (b) White accepts the bait with a far-sighted object.
- (c) Beautifully played. The finish is a real gem.

Between Messrs. Charleton and Bourn.

[EVANS GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	21. Castles (K R)	21. Q to Q B 4 (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	22. K to R sq	22. P to Q 4 (d)
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4	23. P takes P	23. B takes B
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P	24. R takes B	24. R takes R
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to Q R 4	25. Q takes R	25. Q to Q 5
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P	26. Q to K 6	26. Q to K Kt 2
7. B to K Kt 5 (a)	7. K Kt to K 2	27. R to Q B sq	27. R to K B sq
8. Kt to K R 4	8. B takes P (ch)	28. Q to K 3	28. P to Q B 7
9. Kt takes B	9. P takes Kt	29. R takes P	29. Q to Q R 8 (ch)
10. P to K B 4	10. Castles	30. R to Q B sq	30. R to K B 8 (ch)
11. P to K B 5 (b)	11. P to K R 3 (c)	31. R takes R	31. Q takes R (ch)
12. B takes K R P	12. P takes B	32. Q to K Kt sq	32. Q to K B 6 (ch)
13. Q to K Kt 4 (ch)	13. K to R 2	33. Q to K Kt 2	33. Q to Q 8 (ch)
14. P to K B 6	14. Kt to K Kt 3	34. Q to K Kt sq	34. Q takes P (ch)
15. B takes P	15. Q takes P	35. Q to K Kt 2	35. Q to Q 8 (ch)
16. B takes Kt (ch)	16. K to R sq	36. Q to K Kt sq	36. Q takes Q (ch)
17. B to K B 5	17. Kt to K 4	37. K takes Q	37. P to Q Kt 4
18. Q to K R 3	18. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	38. K to B 2	38. P to Q Kt 5
19. Q takes Kt	19. Q takes Kt (ch)	39. K to K 2	39. P to Q R 4
20. P to K Kt 3	20. Q to K 2	40. K to Q 3	40. P to Q R 5

And White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) A novelty, and one we fancy of very questionable merit.
- (b) White is evidently bent on pushing the attack at all hazards; but he has already sacrificed three valuable Pawns.
- (c) Had he played Kt to K 4, the reply would probably have been P to K B 6.
- (d) The right move. Black has now an easy game before him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.J.B.—Thanks for the contributions, which shall receive our best attention.
W.B.—Problem 13 is quite sound.

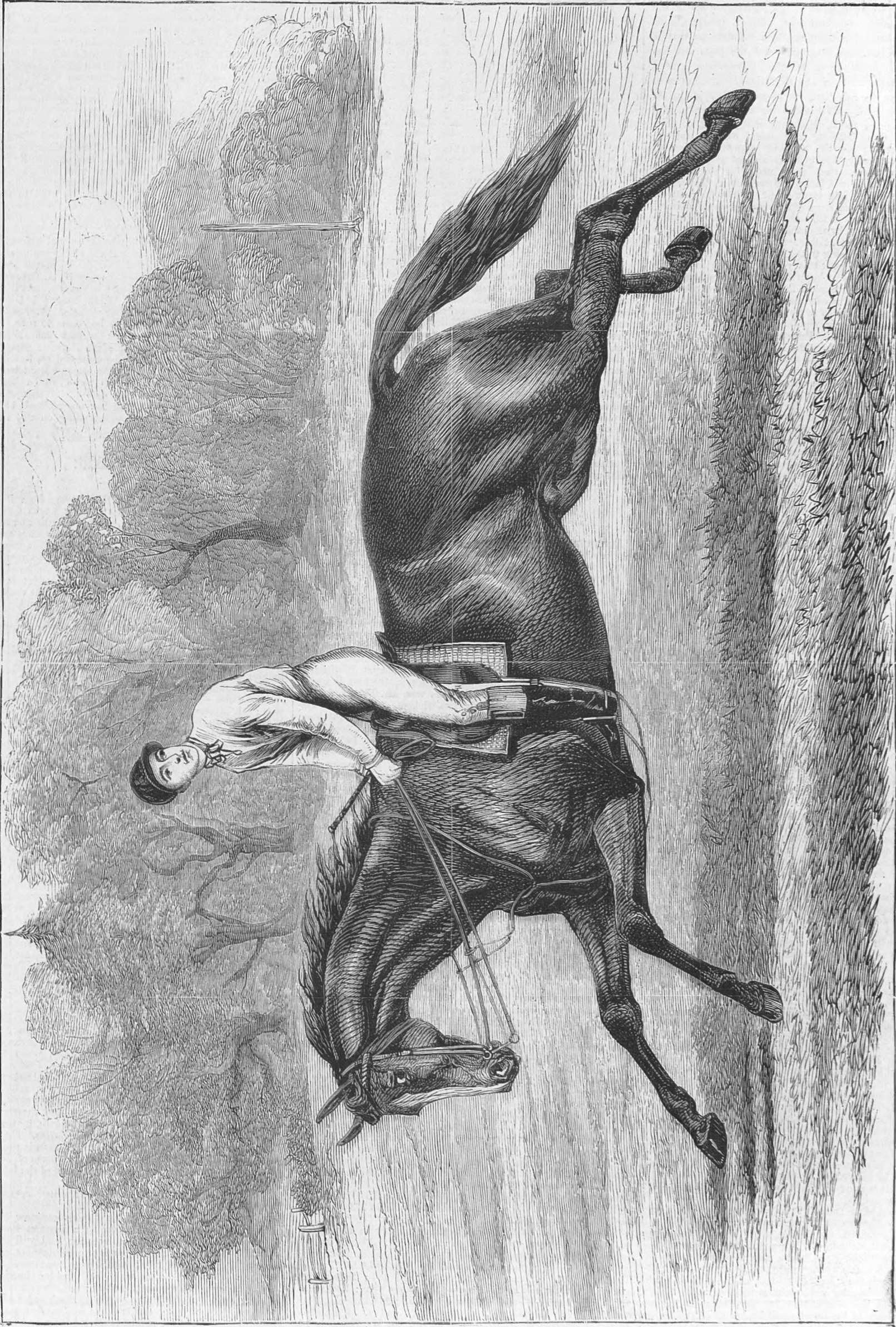
THE WHITE STAR steamer *Republic*, which left the Mersey on Thursday week for New York, took out a number of members of the theatrical profession, amongst them being Mr. J. L. Toole and family. Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. J. B. Warde, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen engaged for the ensuing season at Niblo's Theatre in New York, also sailed the same day in the Inman steamer *City of Richmond*.

MR. H. L. BATEMAN will inaugurate his next season at the Lyceum with a series of Shakspearian plays, commencing with *Hamlet*, which will be represented with a strong cast and elaborate scenic accessories. Mr. Henry Irving will be the Prince of Denmark, Mr. Chippendale, 'Polonius,' and Mr. Compton, 'First Grave-digger.'

IN every human production, however excellent, the critic looks for something which may mar it in his estimation. Take, for example, an equipage. The horses may be of the purest blood, the carriage superb and by its finish significant of costliness, and the harness may proclaim itself from the most approved maker, yet let the latter appear slovenly, and the entire beauty of the "turn out" is forfeited in the eye of correct taste. Now as such defect in what is otherwise extremely good is daily noticeable at the West End, it is with satisfaction that attention is invited to an improved Harness Composition, made by Mr. Propert, of 22, South Audley-street, London. Harness polished by it is readily distinguishable from that subjected to ordinary treatment. But what is mainly important is that this external splendour is not gained by sacrificing the leather, which positively is improved and preserved by its application, while even a minute inspection shows this composition does not in the slightest degree clog the stitches. Mr. Propert's composition by its very soft consistency works freely and even, and while it greatly nourishes the leather, it produces a dainty polish, which renders even an inferior "turn out" a pleasure to look upon.—*Vide Bell's Life*, October 26th, 1867.—[ADVT.]



SKETCHES AT GOODWOOD.



"DONCASTER."

A WIMBLEDON RETROSPECT.

"SEVEN days after date," when the most trivial incident, connected with the recent Wimbledon fortnight has been reported at full length by our daily contemporaries, it would answer no good purpose to print a long list of scores, so we shall content ourselves with glancing very briefly at a few of the leading features of the meeting. We cannot conscientiously "report progress," for while, on the one hand, the camp has been enlarged, so that it now covers about eighty acres of ground, and the prize list has been considerably augmented; on the other, there was a decided falling off in the number of entries for the various events, and there is also no disguising the fact that, except on great days, visitors were few and far between. No doubt, however, a fair explanation can be given of these facts. Moderate shots, great, as they may be in their own districts, have found out by sad experience, that there is not the remotest chance for them at Wimbledon, for even really fine marksmen meet with so many tough antagonists there, that they need to be in their very best form, and to have a lucky day besides, if they are to make the top score in any important event. Then the camp no longer possesses the charm of novelty for unprofessional visitors, who are beginning to discover that the attractions of a gigantic picnic are dearly purchased by the stifling ride from Waterloo to Putney, and the dusty ascent from there, "up the dreadful steep," to the common. Owing to the totally different system of scoring which has been adopted this year, it is quite impossible to critically compare the shooting with that of preceding meetings; but we think it may be taken for granted that it shows no falling off, though several marksmen of great celebrity (and notably Angus Cameron, twice winner of the Queen's Prize) entirely failed to sustain their reputation. On the other hand, Edward Ross, the first Queen's Prize man, seems to have lost none of his skill, and was first for the Dudley Prize, and in the second stage of the Albert, while several new men came prominently to the fore.

For the first three days of the meeting the competitors had the camp almost to themselves, as the early stages of various competitions possess little interest to the general public; but on Thursday there was a large attendance to see the Commons inflict a disastrous defeat on the Lords. The Marquis of Lorne—a peer by anticipation only—shot well for the Upper House, making 65 out of a possible 75; but the team was by no means a representative one, and Lord Gifford V.C., another peer in embryo, proved a very poor substitute for such a well-tryed marksman as Lord Cloncurry, who was not included in the eight. The Commons on the contrary, were very strong. The Hon. R. Plunket and Messrs. Fordyce and Bass made 69 a-piece, the first-named accomplishing the great feat of scoring nine consecutive bull's-eyes. The Alexandra Prize, which was one of the most important of the remaining competitions of the week, fell to Mr. W. Rigby, with 61 out of a possible 70, or seven points more than was scored by his nearest opponent. Captain Burt, 1st Warwick, using a Turner-Swinburne rifle, made 35 out of a possible 50, at 1000 yards, which secured him the Henry Prize; and the Windmill Prize at 500 Yards, fell to Lieut. McIntyre, 7th Dumbarton, with 33, or only two points below the highest possible. We were nearly forgetting to mention that Private Young, 1st Herts, who won the silver medal in 1871, for the highest aggregate score in the first stage of the Queen's, took it again with 87 points out of a possible 105, and thus performed a feat which is far more difficult to accomplish than to win the Prize itself on two occasions.

The second Monday of the meeting was, as usual, frightfully dull; but Tuesday witnessed the conclusion of the contest for the Queen's Prize, which not a few people, and many of them men of great experience, assert was, in reality, won by Lieut. Mitford, 21st Middlesex. It appears that the result of Mr. Mitford's second shot at 800 yards was not signalled, and was therefore registered as a miss; but as Mr. Mitford and others standing by distinctly heard the bullet strike the target, while several among the spectators who had powerful binoculars, declared that a bulls-eye had been scored, an appeal was made to the officer in charge of the range to have the target examined. Rule No. 12 of the National Rifle Association's code was apparently exactly applicable to the case, and runs as follows:—"The marking as signalled cannot be questioned, and, therefore, under no circumstances shall the officer go up to examine the target, or allow anyone under him to do so. N.B. If complaint be made that a shot has not in any way been signalled, and reasonable evidence be forthcoming that a hit was made, the officer will stop the firing, and signal to the butt non-commissioned officer. The butt non-commissioned officer will then examine the target at which the supposed error has been made. If a shot be on that target he will show it in the usual way: if there be none, the danger signals will be simply withdrawn. The result of this examination shall be final." Now there was not only "reasonable," but overwhelming evidence that a bulls-eye had been made, yet the officer in charge, most arbitrarily refused to order an examination of the target, which left Mr. Mitford with positively no redress, as the appeal to the Council, which he made, could not possibly be entertained when once another shot had been fired at the target in question. "Crutch" Robinson, owner of the notorious Running Rein, used to observe plaintively, "What's the use of winning Derbies if they don't give you the stakes," and Lieut. Mitford has mournful reason to make a similar remark, for this bulls-eye, if allowed, would have made him 67 points, while Private Atkinson, 1st Durham, and Sergeant Rae, 31st Lanark, tied at 64. They agreed to divide the £250, and shoot off for the gold medal and badge, which the former won very easily. We doubt if it is wise to allow any sort of compromise in an affair of this importance, for the most ridiculous stories have been told as to the division of the money, one man gravely assuring us that Sergeant Rae, in addition to the £125, received a further sum on condition that he allowed his opponent to win the medal, &c., which shows that it is wiser to avoid the slightest appearance of any kind of arrangement.

After the decision of the Queen's Prize, a great many volunteers left the camp, though some of the most interesting competitions were still undecided. On the Wednesday, Oxford University beat Cambridge, but only by eight points, after a very close struggle; still the "dark blues" have won nearly every inter-university competition this year, "and yet they are not happy," nor will they be until their boat goes first past the "The Ship" at Mortlake. The Thursday was, perhaps, the best day of all, including as it did the competition for the Elcho Challenge Shield, between teams of the finest small-bore shots of the three kingdoms, and the Public Schools Match. For three years in succession Winchester has won the latter event; but on this occasion she had to give way, and Marlborough secured the Ashburton Shield very easily, with a score of 429, Rugby coming next with 391. Lieut. Sladen, of Cheltenham, took the Spencer Cup, which is shot for by the highest individual scorer in each of the public schools' teams. Scotland gained a well-deserved victory in the contest for the Elcho Shield, and, as the shooting was of unusual excellence, we give the full score:—

SCOTLAND.				
	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
Mr. Ferguson	62	64	52	178
Mr. Dunlop, C.B.	58	61	62	181
Mr. Burgess	62	56	54	172
Mr. E. Ross	68	61	62	191
Mr. Clews	64	61	52	177
Mr. Girdwood	61	55	41	157
Mr. Clark	69	64	62	195
Mr. Whitelaw	60	66	60	186
Totals	504	488	445	1437

ENGLAND.				
	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
Major Radcliffe	66	65	63	194
Lieut.-Colonel Fenton ..	69	59	55	183
Capt. Heaton	70	57	59	186
Capt. Scriven	59	58	52	169
Sir H. Halford	57	52	58	167
Capt. Pixley	59	59	51	169
Mr. Martin Smith	51	58	61	170
Mr. H. T. W. Evans	52	54	61	167
Totals	483	462	460	1405

IRELAND.				
	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
Mr. J. Rigby	61	59	44	164
Capt. Wright	53	60	46	159
Capt. Fulton	62	61	61	184
Mr. W. Rigby	56	61	61	177
Mr. Milner	64	58	62	184
Lord Cloncurry	55	54	56	165
Hon. R. Plunket	58	61	48	167
Dr. Hamilton	56	60	62	178
Totals	465	473	440	1378

We must not omit to mention that Private M'Vittie, 7th Dumbries, did one of the most brilliant things of the meeting, by winning the St. George's Challenge Vase with seven consecutive bulls-eyes at 500 yards, thus making the highest possible score. He was also very successful in other competitions; but perhaps Sergeant Wright, 21st Middlesex, can claim to be considered the best, or, at any rate, the most reliable, shot of the year, as he made 240 out of a possible 315 in the five chief competitions, and thus secured £50 for the best aggregate. The Canadians did not do so well as they deserved, if only for their pluck in coming so far, and all will join us in wishing them "better luck next time." On all sides we heard bitter complaints of the Martini-Henry rifle, which surely, as it has been adopted as the national weapon, ought to receive every attention. We sincerely trust that a thorough investigation will be made, and, if the Martini-Henry is half as faulty as its detractors assert, that it will be replaced by a more serviceable weapon. This is a question of national importance, and if we neglect it, we may be called upon some day to pay a terrible price for our carelessness.

Cricket Notes.

By B. W.

ALTHOUGH we were last week deprived of the pleasure of indulging in a timely crow over the result of the Eton and Harrow match, we cannot allow the event itself to pass into the domain of history without congratulating Harrow on having produced the best public-school batsman of the year. Without Mr. Webbe the match would have been a farce. For the rest a tardy word of praise may be given to Lord Anson, and Messrs. Hills, Kemp, and M'Inroy, the only members of the team exclusive of the hero who achieved double figures. At this date the mere enumeration of the principal batsmen on the winning side will suffice. They were:—The Hons. A. and E. Lyttelton, Messrs. Whitmore, Forbes, Haskett-Smith, Beckett-Denison, and Miles. Messrs. Whitmore, Bayly, and Denison got three wickets each in the first innings, and the account in the second innings was, Mr. Forbes, 5, Mr. Whitmore three, and Mr. Bayly two wickets. Mr. Meek was Harrow's most successful bowler in the first, and Mr. Crutchley in the second (incomplete) innings. Be it placed on record that Harrow made 155 and 145. Eton was got rid of for 143 in the first attempt, but eventually succeeded in winning the match by five wickets. The cricket match was, in short, interesting, and the picnic as largely patronised by society as on (shilling) days gone by. The weather was fine almost up to the finish, as only the fringe of one of the most calamitous thunderstorms ever witnessed in London reached Lord's, and that not until the match was nearly over.

The match between Middlesex and Notts, which was played last week at Prince's ended in a victory for the Northerners, by what may be termed, borrowing an illustration from St. Stephen's, "a rather narrow majority." Notts played its strength. An advantageous change or so might perhaps have been made in the team, but the eleven, all round, left little to be desired. A Notts eleven, that includes Daft, W. Osceft, Bignall, Wild, J. C. Morley, and A. Shaw, cannot be said to do injustice to the shire. Middlesex also played its strength. In addition to its one professional, Howitt, there were Messrs. Ottaway, I. D. Walker, W. J. Gilbert, J. W. Dale, W. H. Hadow, and C. F. Buller. On both sides the batting, and on one, the bowling was remarkable. Alfred Shaw was chief scorer with 60 runs, and Biddulph came next, with 31. "Biddy" is not often given to this kind of thing. Daft had to be content with 8, W. Osceft alone, amongst those from whom runs were expected, coming creditably out of the conflict. He, however, bettered the 21 with which he led off, by putting together 40 in the second innings. Daft (38) and Bignall (21) proved to be the most formidable of the others. The batting on the part of the Middlesex may be summarised. Mr. J. W. Dale (like Mr. W. Yardley, another Cantab, a batsman who wears marvellously well, and who emerges from his retirement "as good as ever") was decidedly the mainstay of the home county. His 41 and 25 were excellent innings. Mr. Ottaway put on 12 and 36, and Mr. Buller 26 and 10. "The only Walker" I. D. of that ilk, was unlucky; at any rate, 13 and 8 could scarcely be considered *his* form. Mr. Tabor did not seem to be at home in first-class county company, and as for Mr. Brune's 10 and 32—well, the 32 *not out*, was surprising. But the bowling? In the first innings Mr. Rutter obtained five wickets, and in the second Mr. Hadow was credited with six. Notts never did enjoy a slow twister, and it happened that on this occasion Mr. Turner was behind the stumps. The several totals were Notts 178 and 142; Middlesex 130 and 169.

Sussex, true to its traditions, began gloriously in the match with Yorkshire, and ended just as ingloriously. Things looked rosy enough for the southern county—but Hill and Emmett were invincible in the second innings, and the Tykes won by 67 runs. The figures are curious. Yorkshire 121 and 184; Sussex 190 and 48. On the side of the winners the scores were: Lockwood 69, A. Greenwood 13 and 41, Emmett 19 and 8, Rowbotham 26 and 24, Ulyett 22 and 12, and Clayton 24 and 4. J. Phillips 48 and 2, Charlwood 19, Mr. Jeffery 34 and 10, Mr. Kennedy 16 and 1, W. Humphreys 12 and 1, H. Phillips 23 *not out*, Stubbsfield 17 and 11. The only contributors of double figures in the second innings, were Mr. Jeffery and Stubbsfield. A scratch eleven, which called themselves "Kent," went down to Works-worth Ground, Derbyshire, the other day, and were soundly thrashed by the home team—as they deserved to be. All the available professional talent of the hop county put in an appearance, consequently Kent did *not* play its strength. Will the

once premier county of England ever pull together, we wonder? Derbyshire continues to come on, and will in time take an honourable place amongst the leading counties of England.

We are so far in arrears with these notes that, in order to keep abreast of those first-class matches which have recently taken place, we are compelled not only to omit all reference to minor contests, but curtail our remarks on events of second-rate importance. Eighteen of Broughton, including the professionals Hill and Hickton, met the U. S. about ten days since, and won the match "amid great excitement and enthusiasm," by one run only. The Eleven were remarkably strong. Mr. W. G. Grace was again bowled by Hill, and also—in the first innings—Mr. G. F. Grace. T. Humphrey played an old-fashioned *not out* innings of 26, and Mr. G. F. Grace carried out his bat for 27. Durham, a stronger county than many southerners vot of, made a good fight of it with the Yorkshire United—the draw being exceedingly creditable to the players north of the Tees. Chamberlain (52), Barratt (32), and Mr. J. C. Mewburn (not out 22), were the leading batsmen on the side of Durham; Ullathorne, Emmett, Rawlinson, G. Anderson, and Marshall on the side of Yorkshire. In the match between Sussex and Surrey, played at Brighton this week, the one noteworthy feature was the enormous number of runs that were made. Surrey's one innings yielded 344 runs, of which Jupp made 154. In the second innings of Sussex, 268 runs were put on (105 to the credit of Fillyer), and little more need be said about the match. We have no liking for matches that run so much one way. Batting is but a department of the game, after all.

The Gentlemen of the South who turned out to face the Players of the South at Prince's, were scarcely a representative team, and as for the Players—well, we should like to match another lot to beat them. The names of Daft, Lockwood, A. Greenwood, Wild and Emmett were not to be found in the list. As it turned out the Gentlemen, even with Mr. W. G. Grace's 104 to swell out the grand total, only won by four wickets. A. Smith had the bad luck to be caught out when he had made 99 runs. With such a demand as there is just now for the best professional talent of the North, the absence of the players whose names we have mentioned can perhaps scarcely be wondered at, but it is a pity that the most interesting fight of the season cannot be carried on as it began. We hope that Messrs. Prince will be able to show a stronger "bill of the play" next season. It may be as well to mention that the Players' first innings realized 147 and the second 220 runs. The Gentlemen putting on 244 in the first essay.

Base-Ball.

TWENTY-TWO men are now on their voyage from Philadelphia to Liverpool, whose doings in the next six weeks may have the result of popularising among us another scientific outdoor game. Base-ball has grown to be in the United States what cricket is in the old country; and though it is probable that comparatively few of the youths of Great Britain will desert cricket, with its dignity, manliness, and system, for a rushing helter-skelter game such as we are given to understand base-ball is, yet it is not unlikely that the American game may at least take rank in public estimation here with lawn tennis and racquets among University men, and bat, trap, and ball, and rounders, among our villagers and schoolboys. The twenty-two men *en voyage* are divided into two teams; the first is from Boston, and consists of ten players, whose skill and success have earned them the base-ball championship of America. The second team comprises twelve men, belonging to Philadelphia, and styled the "Athletics." Their respective names and playing designations are:—

ATHLETICS.—E. B. Sutton, short-stop; W. Anson, second base; M. McGeary, catcher; Alfred Reach, extra right field; Weston Fisher, first base; J. Batten, second base; John Clapp, right field; John McMullen, centre field; J. D. McBride, captain and pitcher; John SENDERFER, extra centre field; Alfred Gedney, left field; and T. Murman, extra first base.

BOSTON.—C. A. McVerg, catcher; J. O. Roenke, first base; A. G. Spalding, pitcher; R. C. Barnes, second base; H. C. Schaffer, third base; G. Wright, short-stop; A. J. Leonard, left field; T. L. Beals, change second base; H. Wright, captain and centre field; and G. Hall, right field.

The matches arranged for them to play are as follows: July 30, at Liverpool, base-ball only. August 1, at Manchester, base-ball only. August 3 and 4, at Lord's, St. John's-wood, Twenty-two of America v. M.C.C., cricket and base-ball. August 6 and 7, at Prince's, Belgrave, Twenty-two of America v. P.C.C., cricket and base-ball. August 8, at Richmond, Twenty-two of America v. Richmond C.C., cricket and base-ball. August 10 and 11, at the Crystal Palace, base-ball only. August 13 and 14, at Kennington Oval, Twenty two of America v. S.C.C. and Ground, cricket and base-ball. August 15 and 17, at Sheffield, Twenty-two of America v. Town of Sheffield, cricket and base-ball. August 20 and 21, at Manchester, Twenty-two of America v. Manchester, cricket and base-ball. August 22, 24, and 25, at Dublin, Twenty-two of America v. The City of Dublin, cricket and base-ball. This is their last match, as they sail for America on the 27th.

MR. CHARLES MORTON'S Opera Bouffe Company, under the direction of Miss Emily Soldene, commence a series of farewell performances at the Lyceum next Saturday, when *The Grand Duchess* will be performed.

MR. JOSEPH ROBBINS is engaged by Mr. Chatterton for Drury Lane.

MR. DION BOUCAULT sailed for America last week.

The next novelty, now in preparation, and shortly to be produced at the Polytechnic, is *A New Eccentricity*, by the author of *Raleigh's Queer Dream*, and *The Enchanted Glen*. The incidental music, which will be of a higher character than is usual in these entertainments, will be selected from the operas of *Il Barbiere*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Don Giovanni*, and from several of the best standard English glees.

MR. W. S. GILBERT has completed a new comedy for the Vaudeville.

HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL, the famous conjuror, having lost all his savings through the failure of a German Bank, is compelled to resume his professional vocation, and will shortly give a series of those clever and mysterious performances which he so astonished the London public with a few years since.

LITTLE PRINCESS.—This mare has changed hands, but she still remains in T. Read's stable at Lewes.

The marriage of the Marquis of Waterford and Lady Blanche Somerset, only daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, took place at Badminton on Tuesday, amidst much rejoicing and festivity.

REFLECTION will be Constable's mount in the Goodwood Stakes.

THE two-year-old colt by Liddington out of Aline, after winning the Cambridgeshire Two-Year-Old Stakes on Tuesday, was sold to Mr. J. Johnson for 155 guineas.

DEATH OF HELDER.—This well-known steeple-chaser, the property of Lord Poulett, died at Droxford on Friday last from the effects of a rupture.

Rowing.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

THE trial heat for the Wingfield silver challenge sculls, the symbol of the amateur championship of the Thames, was rowed on Monday evening over the long metropolitan course from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship at Mortlake, a distance of four miles and a quarter, being the same over which the University Eight row their annual match. The competitors were Mr. W. Fawcus, of the Tynemouth Rowing Club, who won the sculls in 1871, and Mr. W. H. Eyre, of the Thames Rowing Club, whose best performance as a sculler was his being a good second to Mr. A. C. Dicker in the trial heat for this race last year. Mr. W. Chillingworth, of Twickenham, was entered, but declined to start as he was not well. The *Warrior* steamer accompanied the race, and carried the umpire, together with an average number of spectators. The day was fine, but there was a smart breeze from the westward, which made the labour heavy for the right hand all the way up Putney Reach, and consequently raised a considerable surf in Corney Reach. Soon after 6 o'clock the two scullers made their way down to the Aqueduct, attended by the pilot cutters which are allowed them. James Taylor, of Newcastle, was pilot for Mr. Fawcus, and Mr. Hastie, of the Thames Rowing Club, acted in a similar capacity for Mr. Eyre. The latter having drawn the Surrey station took up his position at a starting boat moored on the Surrey side of the centre arch of the Aqueduct, and his opponent consequently took that nearer the Middlesex side of the river. At 13 minutes past 6 they were ready to start, and Mr. Edward Searle at once gave them the signal to go. Mr. Eyre, who was the quicker off, immediately commenced to lead, and, as Fawcus started very slowly, was nearly half a length ahead before he had rowed four strokes. He then missed the water with one of his sculls, and this let Mr. Fawcus come up a trifle; but at the steamboat pier the Thames sculler drew away again, and was fully two-thirds of a length in advance of his opponent. This lead he increased to a length at the Duke's Head, as he was in the best of the tideway; but, after passing the last-named place, and as they neared Simmons' boat yard, Mr. Fawcus began to gain slowly, so that at the London Boat-house he overlapped the Thames sculler by three or four feet, and as the latter, who had taken a wide course, began to steer towards the North country amateur, Mr. Fawcus gained still more, so that as they passed the willows there was but half a length between the two boats. Here, however, Mr. Fawcus, whose left hand was in a very painful state, kept too close in under the bank, so that he lost a good deal of tide, of which his opponent, who was now taking a good course, reaped the advantage. At Craven Cottage the Thames sculler was nearly clear, but at the creek just above it the Tynemouth amateur held his own, and in a few yards came up so rapidly that he drew level with his antagonist exactly opposite the Grass Wharf, and it seemed as if the race was likely to be decided in the next quarter of a mile. The two scullers, however, raced for the lead as far as the lower end of Rose Bank-villa grounds, where Mr. Fawcus held an advantage of about a quarter of a length or rather more, but his left hand giving way he went too far over to the Middlesex shore and allowed his opponent to regain the lead exactly opposite the villa. The Thames amateur, who though not sculling in good form, kept hard at work, again drew away, and at the Crab Tree was once more half a length in front, an advantage which he increased and made into a whole boat's length at Dorset-villa, as the Tynemouth sculler again kept too far over towards the Middlesex side of the river. Getting straight, however, opposite the Soap Works wharf, Mr. Fawcus once more began to overhaul his opponent, and at the upper end of the Soap Works was a bare half length behind. Here the leading sculler was taken in towards the Surrey shore, to go under the small arch of the Suspension-bridge, and the North country amateur made as if to go through the centre span, but was then directed to change his course, which, owing to his bad hand, he had some difficulty in doing. Both then steered for the narrow Surrey arch, and each did his utmost to reach the Suspension-bridge first, Mr. Eyre ultimately passing underneath that structure a bare half-length in front of the Tynemouth sculler, in 10 min. 17 sec. Immediately after they had passed through the bridge—that is to say, within a hundred yards of it—Mr. Fawcus rushed rapidly up to his opponent, and became level with him about half-way between the bridge and Biffen's boatyard, and though he steered rather too widely, he yet wrested the lead from Mr. Eyre, and drew three or four feet ahead of him, shouts being raised that the race was over, and odds of 2 to 1 were offered on the North countryman. He, however, still kept too wide, and Mr. Eyre once more drew level and again took the lead, being about four feet ahead at the Lead-mills. He then left his opponent so rapidly that at the Doves he was nearly clear of him, the latter directing his course for the Oil-mills, which were passed by the Thames sculler with a lead of a length and a half. Here, as they opened out Corney Reach, the surface of the river began to become rough, and Mr. Eyre, being taken in under the shelter of the tow-path shore, had comparatively smooth water, while his antagonist, whose hand here gave way very badly, was out in the middle of the river steering a course straight for the Chiswick shore, by which he narrowly escaped fouling the lower end of Chiswick Eyot. The Thames sculler then held a lead of four lengths, which he increased rapidly as the Tynemouth amateur was coasting round under the Eyot and Chiswick shore, being unable to answer the signals of his pilot, who was trying to get him back into the middle of the river. At the White Cottage Mr. Eyre held a lead of about eight lengths, Mr. Fawcus being apparently hopelessly in the rear, but as the former crossed the water to make the shoot for the Middlesex shore, he met some rough water, and as the Tynemouth sculler was under the shelter of the bank, he sculled on steadily and gained considerably, but was occasionally hampered by getting too close to the bank, as he could with difficulty steer clear of it. The Thames sculler passed under Barnes-bridge in 22 min. 15 sec. from the start, with a lead of about five lengths. Opposite the White Hart Mr. Fawcus, who was sculling well but too close to the shore, spurted and gained a good deal on the leading sculler, who here began to show signs of the severity of the pace at which he had been going, so that at the Lines the Thames amateur was but a bare two lengths ahead, and there was yet a chance of the race being a repetition of that of 1871. At the bend of the river opposite the Brewery, both scullers were keeping in under the Middlesex shore, that being the nearer and proper course, but the steamer *Prince Arthur*, which ought to have given way, came down on the inside and drove them outside, the Tynemouth amateur losing most by this misbehaviour, as he narrowly escaped running foul of her. Mr. Eyre was too far ahead to be caught, and notwithstanding a courageous spurt on the part of Mr. Fawcus, won a race in which both the competitors had evinced great endurance by three and a quarter lengths in 26 minutes, 20 seconds.

On Wednesday evening was rowed the final heat for this aquatic symbol, and there was a more than usual number of old aquatic

supporters on board the steamer that accompanied the race; and it was pleasing to see also some ladies on board. Mr. Brickwood umpired, and Mr. Searle started the men, old Jack Phelps acting as judge at Mortlake with flag and gun; there was scarcely as much wind as on Monday, when the trial heat was rowed, but by Chiswick, there was quite enough ripple on to make sculling difficult, and bother the steering; the tide was not a very fast one, so that the elements did not favour very fast time. The competitors were W. H. Eyre (Thames), who won the trial heat against Fawcus on Monday, and W. Dicker, the champion of last year, and consequently the holder of the Sculls. In some quarters it was believed that Dicker had fallen off in his style and pace from 1873, and his performances at Henley and the Metropolitan were brought forward as instances of deterioration. At Henley he won the Diamonds, and to our thinking very easily, though his steering was wild; and at the Metropolitan his foul with Freeman and his erratic steering in the rough water put him off his form, and made him appear to disadvantage. There is no doubt that on smooth water his long sweeping style tells to great advantage, whereas in rough water, where arm work is required, he does not scull so well. Eyre has had but little practice in sculling, his time is almost wholly occupied in his club four or eight, and it was only last year by his plucky performance in the trial heat with Dicker that he became known at all as a sculler.

Dicker won the toss, and took the Middlesex shore, but from the very start he never gave Eyre a chance. At the Creek, Dicker was almost clear, and at the Point, a length and a half. In the long leg, made for the Soap Works, Dicker only held his own, and Eyre's friends had hopes that the rough water might eventually tell on Dicker, but at Hammersmith it was clear that, bar accident, it was Dicker's race, as he was sculling long and steadily, while Eyre could not swing, and was doing many strokes per minute. Along Chiswick Eyot, Dicker went well through the rough water, and was fifty yards ahead opposite the church. Eyre plodding along, but with no chance, at Barnes Bridge was quite seventy yards in the rear. Here Dicker, who was determined to do his best to the finish, was cheered on by a four-oar alongside, and kept sculling hard right to the Ship, winning by fully 100 yards, and not much distressed. Eyre did not seem so distressed as in his race on Monday, when he was by no means as fit as he might have been. The time of the race on a sluggish tide was fast—25.45; two other steamers joined in during the race, one that had been doing duty with the heats of Doggett, was conspicuous with the Fishmongers' Company's bargemaster on board in claret-coloured coat and cocked hat. Among the roughs and their friends on the bank this attractive individual was the object of much notice and envy.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

ON Wednesday a select party of the Fishmongers' Company and their friends went by steamer to Putney, and three heats were rowed thence to Hammersmith, to select the men to row in the race for Thomas Doggett's Coat and Badge, on the 1st of August, from London Bridge to Chelsea. Twelve watermen were divided into three heats, and Mr. Fred. Dards, the bargemaster of the company, in his gorgeous livery, was the umpire. The following men, first and second in their heats, will row in the wager:—John Thomas Phelps, Fulham; William Henry Biffen, Hammersmith; Robert William Burwood, Wapping; Joseph Freshwater, Deptford; Henry Alfred Short, Bermondsey; and George Wm. Pitt Card, Blackwall. The wager will start at 4.40 p.m.

Yachting.

** We shall be glad to receive communications from gentlemen connected with the various Yacht Clubs, and others, on the subject of Yachting.

SEA BELLE, SCHOONER YACHT.

THIS vessel made her *début* in the R.S. Schooner Match on Wednesday, 10th June last, and although early in the race she lost her fore-topmast, and later carried away the jack-yard of her main-topmast, she did well enough in company with such cracks as *Cetonia*, *Egeria*, and *Pantomime*, to show that she is likely to become a very formidable rival to these renowned prize winners, and that she can not only reach fast close-hauled, but lift to windward well.

On the 22nd June fortune first smiled upon her, when she took the second prize (£15) in the Schooner and Yawl match in the Royal Harwich Y.C. Regatta, Gertrude (yawl) taking first (£40).

On 23rd June, the *Sea Belle* took 2nd (£15), in the Channel Match—of the same club—from Harwich to Southend, and again, on the ensuing day, 24th, claimed second honours (£50), in the splendid Channel Match of the Royal Thames Y.C., from Nore to Dover.

In the Channel Match of the Royal Cinque Ports Club, from Dover to Boulogne and back. She wound up a tolerably successful week, by winning the first (£100) prize—well within her time—from *Cetonia* and *Gwendoline*.

This vessel was laid down in the John Harvey Company's yard at Wivenhoe, in November, 1873, and launched in April, 1874.

Her dimensions are:—

	Ft.	in.
Length between the perpendiculars	86	0
Main Breadth	18	11
Height under Beam in Cabin	6	6
Draught of water aft	12	6

Her midship section is of the hollow rising-floor type, having her greatest breadth 6 in. above the water-line.

Her framing is composed of oak timber, strengthened with iron bulkheads and Harvey and Pryer's patent lead floors. Her plank, which is chiefly of mahogany or teak, is wrought in two thicknesses, the joint of one plank overlapping the joint of the other, and rivetted together with copper rivets, spaced about 4 in. apart, alternate rivets passing through steam-bent timbers, which extend from keel to gunwale, giving great longitudinal strength, and making the structure very rigid, thus avoiding the creaking noise of the fittings, which is so very annoying in some of the fastest built yachts.

Her fittings are chiefly of walnut framing and maple panels, relieved with tulip wood mouldings, except the ladies' cabin, which is of maple, with gilt mouldings.

The deck-fittings are of teak, admirably arranged for ventilation. The capstan for working the chain cable, is placed abaft the foremast, this arrangement removes much weight off the bows of the vessel, and the *Sea Belle* is the first yacht we have seen fitted in this way, but it will no doubt soon be copied by other builders.

Her rig is schooner, with her mainmast placed much further forward than is usual with schooners, but the sails seem admirably balanced, as one of her best points is sailing to windward.

We shall doubtless hear of the *Sea Belle* at Cowes, Ryde, and Southsea, in next month's Regattas, records and illustrations of which will duly appear in these columns.

THE SUNBEAM, R.Y.S.

ALTHOUGH steam as an auxiliary motive power for cruising yachts, has been in use for many years, it has gained but few patrons, owing to imperfections in the mode of application, both as to the way of fitting, as to the amount required, and further, the unsatisfactory results derived from expensive but imperfect experiments. Now, however, the tables are turning—the science

of the naval architect, and the invention of the engineer have obliterated the chief blots and drawbacks, which have hitherto caused yachtsmen to shake their heads at steam. Every cruising yachtsman has in his voyages experienced the provoking head-wind; the oppressively lazy calm, and the total failure of wind at the critical moment of entering an harbour. Then again, time is an important item in the minds of many cruisers, for to find one's self jammed a dozen miles from one's moorings by an adverse tide and insufficient wind, with important engagements on hand, is so common an event in yachting, that many lovers of the pastime dare not attempt it at all.

Racing yachts must of necessity be sailing vessels, but no such restriction need apply to cruisers, and under the new inventions—which we describe in the following account accompanying the sketch of the *Sunbeam*—and under similarly careful design, a yacht may be constructed of almost any tonnage capable of being, whilst cruising at the will of her owner, either a perfect sailing vessel or a steamer sufficiently powerful to stem a tide or a head-wind. The accommodation sacrificed by engine-room space, has always created enemies to steam, but this drawback is now greatly reduced, by giving the vessel a small engine and boiler of sufficient power for auxiliary work, instead of attempting, as was usually done, to obtain the greatest steam power possible for the tonnage.

The *Sunbeam*, a magnificent yacht of 565 tons, has just been added to the roll of British yachts, which already numbers 2805 vessels; she was built this spring for Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., by Messrs. Bowdler and Chaffer of Seacombe, upon the composite principle, that is to say, her framework is iron, and her planking-decks and fittings of wood. Her length, "overall," is 180ft., and her tonnage, 157½; beam, extreme, 27ft. 6in., and her load draught, 13ft. 6in. Her hull is of that long graceful form, with a clean sheer, carried well up at the stem, with which one is so familiar in the large class modern schooners; with very handsome quarters and stern; she has a well rounded side, and a powerful upstanding bow, with great flange; her load water line shows an easy entrance and a clean delivery—with a powerful bilge line, which just avoids that ugly form, known as a "straight of breadth," without losing any power.

She is rigged as a three-masted schooner, with a large spread of "fore and aft" canvas, and may be described as having the main and foremasts of an ordinary schooner yacht, with the addition of a "middle mast." Her main mast is 80ft. in length, and with the other two, forms a triplet of the finest Oregon sticks a yachtsman could wish to see, and when we state that her sails, supplied by Messrs. Lapthorne of Gosport, have an area of 12,000 square feet, some idea may be gained that she is not wanting in wind bags. She sets flying square sails on her foremast, and has a standing bowsprit with a running jibboom; her standing rigging is all of steel wire rope. To support this large spread of canvas, she is entirely ballasted with cast lead, fitted in between her floors.

As far as sailing is concerned, she wants for nothing, and, for so long a vessel, is reported uncommonly handy and quick in answering her helm; but the second portion of the design must now be introduced. She is fitted with an auxiliary motive-power of steam, in the shape of a pair of compound engines of 380 h.p., by Messrs. Laird; and though only intended for auxiliary work, attained a mean speed of 10½ knots on her trial trip.

Our readers will understand that a screw requires a hole in the vessel's dead wood for it to work in, and this hole combined with the ordinary screw was so detrimental to a vessel's sailing qualities—when fitted in the old way to yachts—that many men either gave up steam and kept to sailing, or took to steam altogether, believing a compromise to be hopeless. This defect has been rectified in the *Sunbeam*, by the application of Bevis' patent "feathering screw;" when not in use for propelling, this screw is "feathered," i.e., turned flat in the fore and aft line of the vessel, and then completely fills the aperture in the dead wood; causing the water to flow evenly along her run to the rudder. Thus doing away with the chief drawback to yachts fitted with auxiliary steam.

The *Sunbeam's* accommodation, as might be expected, is very fine; a large deck-house, between the foremast and engine-room hatch, contains Mr. Brassey's cabin forward, then the staircase to the saloon leads from a luxurious kind of "deck boudoir;" aft of this is a large "galley" fitted with a lift and condenser. The rest of her upper deck is "flush," and is fitted with the usual skylights and companion-ways. The cabins below are very cleverly planned and fitted in a most luxurious style. The "objets de vertu" one takes in at a glance round the cabin and even in the nursery, reminding one rather of the art collection at the South Kensington Museum than of a yacht's cabin, and one dreads to think of the havoc which might be caused by even one bucketful of salt water dashing in through the open scuttle window.

The *Sunbeam* was designed, and her building superintended, by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, N.A., of Liverpool, the designer of the *Pastime*, *Gleam*, *Sunshine*, and many other racing yachts. The *Sunbeam* will doubtless be the forerunner of a very popular class of cruising yachts of all tonnages, though not necessarily of similar rig, yet they will bear out the same principle, namely, that of sailing vessels fitted, as a secondary consideration, with auxiliary steam power.

One point must be borne in mind, if success is to be maintained in the sailing department, the vessel must in the first place be designed entirely for sailing—the form of the hull, the centres of gravity, the centre of lateral resistance, the centre of effort of sails, the ballasting, all should be designed without a thought as to the steam power; then, let the auxiliary steam engine, and patent feathering screw—which fills up the hole in the dead wood—be added to the design-drawing, and a successful combination of steam and sailing power will be the result attained. Only one drawback would remain, that, through moving comfortably past an "old-fashioned" cruiser in a dead calm, envy and other improper emotions would inevitably arise in her owner's breast—but then, at least, we can offer to tow him!

PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT CLUB.

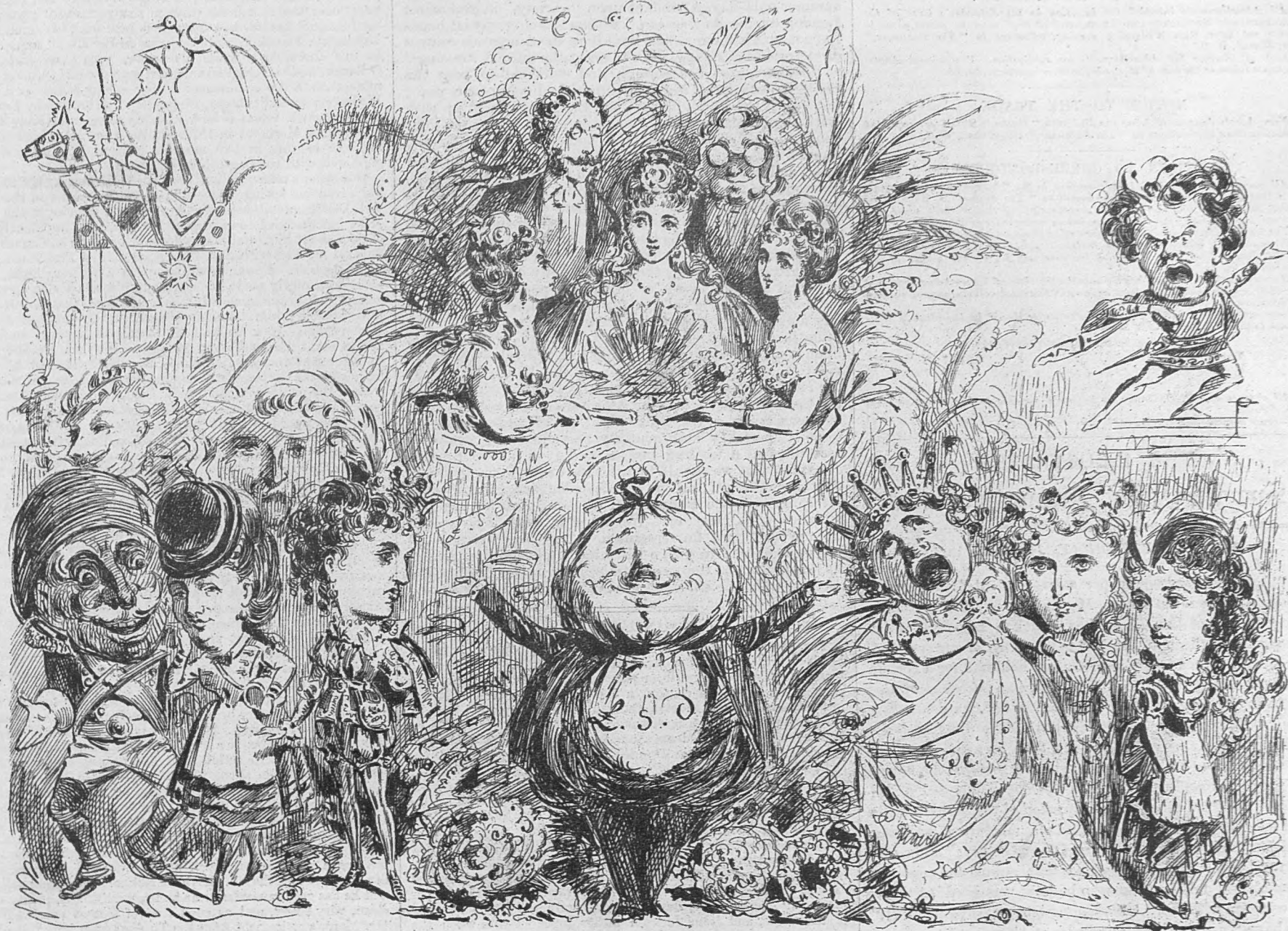
THE entries for the match from Gravesend to Ramsgate, which will take place to-day, Saturday, closed on Monday night, and are as follows:—

Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Aquiline	schooner	59	Mr. G. Sampson.
L'Erie	cutter	10	Major Lenon.
Averyon	"	15	Mr. E. Packard.
Evelyn	"	40	Mr. E. Fox.
Snowdrop	"	18	Mr. F. W. Fairbrass.
Emmet	yawl	30	Mr. A. E. Brown.
Violet	cutter	5½	Mr. W. A. Leveritt.
Snowflake	schooner	13	Mr. H. P. Knight.
Latona	yawl	23	Messrs. Smeed and Trego.
Storm	cutter	22	Mr. G. E. Wood.
Beryl	"	36	Mr. A. H. Brown.
Zephyr	"	20	Mr. S. Addison.
Dione	"	21	Mr. J. D. Chillingworth.
Hebe	"	12	Mr. T. Field.
Virago	"	10	Mr. R. Asser.
Bella Donna	yawl	6	Mr. L. Moore.
Surge	cutter	34	Vice-Commodore.
		14	Rear-Commodore.

A steamer will accompany the race, leaving the Terrace Pier, Gravesend, at 6, for 7 a.m.



SCENE FROM LECOCQ'S NEW OPERA BOUFFE "GIROFLÉ-GIROFLÀ" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.



THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON.

THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON.

IN some parts of the world twilight is quite unknown, and when the sun sets, there is a sudden and instantaneous change from daylight to darkness. The closing of our opera houses has much the same effect on the fashionable season. The opera is not merely a delightful lounging place for our *jeunesse dorée*, but it is something to talk about; and a "fellow" who has few mental resources can generally manage to fill up the pauses of a quadrille by propounding the thesis, that "Adelina Patti is awfully good in *Don Giovanni*!" or that Nilsson is splendid in *Il Talismano*, or some other self-evident proposition, equal in originality to the dictum of Dickens's Lord Verisopht, that "Shakspeare was a clayver man!" The opera also affords opportunities for the display of brilliant toilettes; Lady A has the chance of wearing ten thousand pounds' worth of jewels on her head and neck, with the additional rapture of eclipsing poor lady B in the next box, whose *parure* is worth only a paltry six thousand. But neither triumph on the one side, nor envy on the other is apparent. Lady A bows graciously to Lady B, who returns an affectionate greeting; and oh! my dear Christian brethren, it would be very sinful to doubt that their hearts are filled with sisterly love. Then, there is the fascinating spectacle exhibited on the stage, and the delight of cultivating musical taste by listening to the finest music of the best composers, interpreted by the greatest living artists. Yonder, in the omnibus box, is a youthful nobleman, apparently fast asleep; and in the adjoining box the Duke of Coalfield (who has left his handsome young wife in her box while he makes his round of calls) is engaged in animated conversation with old Lady C, and casting sheep's-eyes at her pretty daughter, who came out last May. Do you suppose that these people do not enjoy the opera? Oh, man of little faith! they are enjoying it very much—in their way! Look at the gay sight presented by the well-filled stalls. Elderly ladies in purple and fine linen, with jewels sparkling in their false hair—side by side with lovely girls, whose beauty needs no adornment. The brilliant silks and satins would make the *parterre* look like a tulip bed, but for the large admixture of those tasteful black coats and white cravats, which continue to constitute the evening dress of gentlemen—and waiters. Yonder grey-headed prematurely old young man, is believed to be a marquis, or at the least a baronet, by the awe-struck but happy quartet of young folks in the row of stalls behind him, and whom you will see reluctantly departing at 11 o'clock, to catch the last train to Beckenham. The prematurely old young man is Mr. Funnell, the wine merchant. Ten years ago he was a clerk at £200 a year, and by honest work he has attained an income of twelve times that amount. He does not know a note of music, and is rather bored by it; but he has subscribed for a stall, because it is "the correct thing to do." Of course he professes to enjoy the opera immensely, and his frequent yawns are no doubt his peculiar mode of expressing delight.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a majority of the audience are indifferent to the performance. Listen to the peals of applause which ring out from the amphitheatre and gallery, accompanied by earnest, though less demonstrative tributes from the stalls, when a popular favourite does justice to a fine *marceau*. Notice the party in yonder box. The lady is in the full bloom of youthful beauty, with a smile whose fascination is magical. The young gentleman by her side, has a pleasant English face and a manly bearing, and both their faces are turned attentively to the stage. Between the acts, they carry on a brisk conversation; but while the music is proceeding, they never interrupt the enjoyment of their neighbours by loud talk and senseless laughter, like that which you heard just now from Lady D's box. It is surprising that their excellent example is not more generally followed—for they are the Princess and the Prince of Wales.

Scattered among the stalls, you see some six or seven gentlemen whose attentiveness is exemplary. From the beginning of the overture to the last note of the finale they listen with unswerving constancy, and though they rarely applaud, you may see them exchange significant glances when a passage is artistically executed, whether the audience applaud or not. These are the musical critics of the principal London journals, nearly all of them trained musicians and educated men, with taste and discrimination cultivated by long familiarity with the best music and its best interpretations. When the performance concludes they will go to their clubs or their newspaper offices and will write the critiques which will be on your breakfast table tomorrow morning; and considering that during a great part of the season five or six operas per week are given, it is easy to comprehend that the "end of the opera season" must be painfully regretted by them.

Badinage apart, there can be no doubt that the Opera affords one of the most delightful of all intellectual and artistic enjoyments; and it must be remembered that it not only furnishes innocent pleasure to thousands of persons, but also provides employment for many hundreds, so that it may be called the sunlight of the London season in more senses than one. When the curtain falls on the final operatic performance of the season, "Ichabod!" is immediately written on the face of the fashionable world, and the "upper ten thousand" fly from the opera-less metropolis; so that, six weeks after the "end of the opera season," everybody, who is anybody, having left us—London is said to be "empty." It is a consolatory fact that some 3,990,000 inhabitants will still remain; and it might be worth their while to consider whether an English opera would not afford a satisfactory mode of passing the interval between the Italian opera seasons. To hope for such a thing as a National English Opera House, supported by the State, is, however, at the present time absurd, and we must wait patiently for the growth of musical education, and for the spread of enlightenment among members of Parliament, before the reproach shall be removed from us that we are the only European nation which does not support a National opera in its metropolis.

The gates of our opera-houses are closed. Covent Garden is in the hands of the decorators, who are to prepare it for the forthcoming series of Promenade Concerts. Drury Lane is being dismantled of its operatic fittings, and is preparing for the Matheson, cum Zaffira, cum Halliday *Talisman*. The voice of the ticket office touts is mute. The "upper ten thousand" are

quitting London, which will consequently be "empty" a few days hence. The song-birds have fled, and have taken sackfuls of our gold with them. It is "the end of the opera season!"

DEATH OF MR. JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.—The death is announced of Mr. John Heneage Jesse, late of the Admiralty, and a son of Mr. Edward Jesse, the eminent naturalist, who died in 1868, and who was also in some sense a Civil servant, as he had served as Deputy Surveyor of the Royal Parks and Palaces. Inheriting his father's literary tastes, Mr. Jesse soon made his name known as the author of several historical works of importance. The first, "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," published in 1839-40, gave evidence of his study of the records of the period, and was drawn both from English and French sources. His next work was his "Memoirs of the Court of London, from the Revolution in 1688 to the Death of George II." Only a year elapsed when he brought out his memoir of "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," which was followed in 1845 by his "Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents." Turning his attention next to the history of the metropolis and its distinguished men, Mr. Jesse produced in 1847, his "Literary and Historical Memoirs of London," which was succeeded in 1850, by a second series of papers of the same character, with the shorter title of "London and its Celebrities." Even as recently as 1870, he went over the same field again, and issued a new edition of these popular works, in three volumes, under the slightly altered title of "London: its Celebrated Characters and Places." Continuing his historical researches, Mr. Jesse published in 1861, his "Richard the Third and his Contemporaries," a work dealing largely with the personal character of the King; and in 1867, he issued his "Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George the Third," in which he introduced some of his Majesty's original letters and other unpublished manuscripts. Mr. Jesse had served for many years in the secretary's department of the Admiralty at Whitehall, from which he had retired on pension. He died at the Albany.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE DIEPPE ROUTE TO PARIS.—Several important facilities have just been introduced in the communication between London and Paris by the Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route. A new line at Dieppe, between the railway station and the harbour, has been completed, and is now in work, enabling passengers to step from the steamer to the Paris trains, and *vice versa*, and which facility has for some time past been in operation on the English side of the Channel at Newhaven. A special express day tidal service has commenced each way, between London and Paris, leaving London Bridge and Victoria every week-day by special trains at times fixed to suit the tides, so as to avoid any delay at Newhaven. This service is in addition to the regular night service leaving London Bridge at 8.0 p.m., and Victoria 7.50 p.m. A through conductor and interpreter accompanies the day service throughout each way between London and Paris. Through tickets, also circular tourist tickets enabling the holder to break the journey at all places of interest on the route selected, are now issued between London, Paris, the South of France, Italy, and Switzerland. Large and powerful paddle steamers, with excellent cabin accommodation, are employed in this service. The number of trains between Dieppe and Paris has been increased, and the service generally greatly accelerated.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements intended for insertion in the Saturday's issue of the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," must be posted so as to arrive not later than Wednesday evening, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C.

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All communications intended for insertion in the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," should be addressed to "The Editor," 9, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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Cheques crossed "UNION BANK."

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

"An American newspaper correspondent," in inditing his opinions on the recent Meeting at West Drayton to the columns of the *Times*, has struck a key-note which must vibrate through the hearts of many of our countrymen, with regard to the inducements held out for a certain class of society to attend the suburban réunions of this nature. In perusing the indignation articles emanating from various racing correspondents of the different journals, it was amusing to see the tone assumed by them with reference to what they are pleased to term the recent Betting "Prosecutions." The *Sportsman* adopted a decidedly dignified tone in its discussion of the matter, while the *Sporting Life* condescended to a mixture of bullying and blubbery, after the style of the "Gusher;" and a certain "Daily" prophet asserted that suburban meetings were abused only by those who had not "assisted" at them. In common with the "American newspaper correspondent," we have "assisted" at the glories of Croydon, Streatham, Bromley, Hendon, and other ramps of a like nature, but without being induced in the slightest degree to alter an opinion formed at the beginning of the chapter, as to the character of such gatherings, and their general influence upon suburban neighbourhoods. The fact that Mr. Warner was elected church-warden of his parish had no effect on our previous convictions; and if a patent of nobility had been conferred on Mr. French, or Mr. Verrall had been created Prince of Denmark Hill, we should still have been compelled to remain unconvinced of the benefits likely to accrue to society in general, or the racing section of it in particular, by the institution of Metropolitan Meetings. Another painfully shallow argument in their favour has actually been advanced:—that, whereas, race meetings at all the principal centres of sport must be in one sense of the word "suburban," or held at the outskirts of the town; therefore reformers should demand their abolition on a like ground, as they do these in the environs of London. Can anything be more far-fetched and absurd than such a line of reasoning?

We don't know how far it may be possible or expedient to institute comparisons between American trotting meetings and the oft-recurring réunions, as their upholders are pleased to term them, in the neighbourhood of London. We are unable to speak accurately as to the class of people frequenting the tracks on the other side of the Atlantic, and must consequently, for the present at least, accept the Yankee correspondent's estimate of their social status and general behaviour. But we can bear witness to the truth of his assertion, "that a large portion of them were nothing more than poor blackguards," while the higher class patrons of sport were for the most part conspicuous by their absence. We do not pretend to the same intimate acquaintance with Frying Pan-alley and its purlieus as the "American correspondent," but it must be evident to all who have had the slightest experience of low life manners and customs in England, that the crowds who pay their shilling (or not as the case may be) for the privilege of indulging in "foul-mouthed and loathsome conversation" on the course, are unmistakeably offshoots of Whitechapel and the East, and dwellers in the savoury localities near Ratcliff Highway. The Stewards of the Meeting round London may be noblemen and gentlemen *sans reproche*, their officials active, energetic and honest, the horses who fill their Stakes and Plates, just a cut above the hansom cab rank, and really in the *Stud-book*, the intentions of promoters honourable, according to their lights—but making all allowances, we cannot admit that the classes for which they cater are either desirous or capable of appreciating sport; and we fear that the inevitable consequence of popularising racing, and "bringing it to the doors of the people," is to stir up that section of metropolitan population which it should be the duty of civic government to repress, as far as possible, and restrain that ruffian horde from letting itself loose upon society. The rough element has plenty of excuses for

making life one perpetual holiday, in the frequent summer gala-days attendant upon "society," in and about London during its "season," without having special benefits got up for them almost weekly in the numerous centres of metropolitan racing. We thought the annual "outing" at Hampton was bad enough, and sufficient to keep the racing knowledge of the great unwashed going for a year; but now it is *toujours perdrix*, and the game is kept up with spirit in all quarters likely to attract a crowd for the joint benefit of spirited lessees and popular caterers for the mouths of the million. We fear that many who throng our select and most aristocratic gatherings must plead guilty to ignorance of the "points or merits of a racehorse," but the estimate of the American correspondent as to the prevailing inducements for the attendance of rowdiness was pretty accurate, and few will be found to controvert his statement, that pocket-picking, cadding, and low gambling are the chief attractions among those whose daily object is to raise the wind by some means or other, and possess themselves, by hook or by crook, of "a few paltry coins wherewith to buy a dinner or a clean shirt collar on the morrow." The latter has, in most cases we fear, to go to the wall, as clean linen is not a feature appertaining to a third class compartment *en route* to West Drayton or the Welsh Harp, but the idea is American, and on a par with that which exalts the taste for sport across the Atlantic at the expense of the mother country. We don't quite "take" as to the higher tone of morality and gentility pervading the company assembled at a trotting match, and it is not to Brother Jonathan that we should turn for an example against betting speculations; but the correspondent has gauged accurately enough the composition of the crowd he mingled with at West Drayton. We are only sorry if he should have deemed it a fair specimen of high-class racing, and recommend him to purge his mind from such imaginings by a run down to the purer atmosphere, both of racing and society, which he will find provided for him at Goodwood.

DONCASTER.

THE town from which the Derby hero of 1873 takes his name, has been a lucky one for Mr. Merry, whether he has chosen to recruit Russley resources from the time-honoured "Dustbin," or silence the fire of all comers in the Corporation Field. It was in Sunbeam's year, that Mat Dawson fell in love with the young Windhound colt, whom bookmakers so soon learnt to write down as Thormanby. Kettledrum's number on the sale list, was just before that of the bonnie Dundee in Mr. Cookson's lot of 1859, as in after years the name of Hermit preceded that of Marksman, under the Elms at Eltham. Buckstone's dam, with Masquerade at foot, was the Laird's Doncaster keepsake of 1861, with a slice of the old blood, in the shape of the Wasp colt by Lord of the Isles, to keep her company. Buckstone's head St. Leger defeat in 1862, gave the stable no encouragement to bid high, and so they came empty away. Zambesi was their 930 bargain of the following year, and it was with his wonted pluck that Mr. Merry booked Jock of Oran's 40,000 to 600 about the Derby chance of the dapper black. "Zambesi wins devilish easy," were the jangling terms of the wager, and John Jackson rather repented him when the Champagne came round again. In 1864 Matt Dawson only took away two very moderate platters at rather high figures, but made no sign the next September. The magnificent-looking Glendery roused them up to an 1150 guinea enthusiasm when Mr. Newton's lot once more came under the hammer, but he never even sported the yellow and black, and Cawdor turned out anything but the "prosperous gentleman" he promised. 1867 did not see Russley to the fore at Doncaster, and they held back too in Formosa's year, when things were rather at low water mark at home. Seamstress colt was the solitary '69 investment, and thence we are brought to the Thursday of '71 and Sir Tatton's yearlings.

Many who took stock of the big chestnut, thought him too fat and calf-like, and M. Lefevre and Tom Jennings took exception to his standing back at the knees, a defect which was sadly evident in his own sister Headingly. However, Robert Peck had set his heart upon him, and the biddings kept rising towards the four figure scale, while Snarry, slowly revolving like a sober teetotum in the centre of the Ring, followed the hope of Sledmere round its confines with his stick. "I thought we should have had a thousand, Snarry," said Mr. Tattersall, when the hammer fell to the last nod of Mr. Merry's trainer; but "Oh! keep a good spirit," was the cheery reply of Sir Tatton's *fidus achates* as he motioned the next lot into the Ring. We never heard more conflicting opinions about the "Laird's" purchase, but the prevailing one seemed to be that the colt would go all to pieces when put into training. We don't know what foundation there could be for such an assertion; but Robert Peck wisely determined to give him plenty of time, and with Marie Stuart on the look out for prizes abroad, he could afford to wait with him, and indulge Doncaster with gentle work over the elastic turf of the home gallops at Russley; or vary his daily tasks with a faster spin along the gradients of Weathercock Hill. Just as he was getting into harness for an autumn preparation, however, Doncaster was severely injured by a kick on the stifle by a stable companion, and it was wisely resolved to throw him up for the year, and to see what another winter would do for him. So he forfeited his Newmarket engagements, in one of which he would have been fated to meet Gang Forward, and was laid by in lavender; so that people, knowing Mr. Merry's policy of running out his best two-year-olds for their engagements, refused to believe in the chestnut. "All Heart and no Peel" had been his Sledmere nomenclature, but Mr. Merry could not allow his friends and the public to be troubled with such a mouthful, and changed it appropriately enough to that of the town whence he came into his possession.

Doncaster's pedigree table is not a very grand one, according to our notions, and the blood on his dam's side is especially weak and jady. Like his sister Headingly, we suspect there is a soft spot about him, and that he requires more humouring, than determined riding. None of the Stockwells have been found real gluttons at a distance, and with the exception of Achievement, he cannot boast the sireship of a Cup horse, for we utterly refuse to class The Duke as such, though he did manage to scrape through at Goodwood. At Danebury, they thought a mile and a quarter his best distance. Doncaster's dam, Marigold, is a Teddington mare, with the worthless Ratan blood on her dam's side, and we well recollect her Oaks performance, when Mr. Hargreaves, thinking Alderott had brought up Queen Bertha too late, "skied his beaver" on behalf of Marigold, on whom the party connected with her stood to win an enormous stake. As the hat came down, the Queen's number went up, but Marigold, who knew no winning bracket after Chester in 1863, lived to land Lord Westmorland and his party a bumper in the next year's Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, for which the two Teddingtons, Marigold, and Master Richard, were almost equal favourites. There are not many great names in the "roll-call" of Teddington mares, and breeders have mostly fought shy of them as soft-

hearted, though Mayonaise, Mellona, Overture and others have bred some useful animals, though scarcely above plating form. Sir Tatton Sykes has had marvellous luck with his small stud; as Landmark, Frivolity, and Couronne de Fer are all names of note in turf chronicles; while his father, with Colsterdale, Daniel O'Rourke and his legion of unnamed mares, could turn out nothing more than a few commoners during a long career as a breeder. We have not seen St. Leger, Doncaster's half brother by Trumpeter, as yet, though report is busy with his name, and King Tom was selected for Marigold in 1872, for the result of which union we shall be looking in two month's time at Doncaster, if all has gone well with the bantling at Sledmere.

Doncaster's name did not crop up much during the recess, nor did advancing spring bring him much forwarder in the Guineas and Derby quotations. Cannon steered him over the Rowley Mile, but though he ran respectably, there was apparently a want of pace about him, and it was deemed to be on sufferance that he finished up sides with that illustrious pair of Frenchmen, Boiard and Flageolet. Epsom saw him quite a different horse, but the stable apparently made no sign, and it was only on account of a gallop with Freeman shortly before the race, that Mr. Merry was induced to let him take his chance in the smallest of modern Derby fields. How he won, is matter of history, and we can now see that there was no great error in his Paris running, gauged by after performances. Perhaps St. Leger-tide saw him at his best, and the stable, not knowing on which to pin their faith, treated the public to a fair public trial, in which the mare's five pound allowance just enabled her to get her head in front. After that, Doncaster had to eat very humble pie at Newmarket, but the horse was palpably not himself, and it was almost a pity to start him. Added to his staleness, he seemed to dislike Tommy Osborne's riding, whose slightly "soaring" style is hardly so well adapted for a nervous horse as the quieter generalship of Webb, in whose hands he has invariably run straightly and finished gamely. That he laid too far off in the Ascot Cup now appears certain, but a Lord Clifden would hardly have come through his horses with more determination at last, while the truth of the Derby and St. Leger running has been amply vindicated. We await with some anxiety the Goodwood verdict, but fancy Doncaster is hardly so well adapted to that course as horses of the Kaiser or Flageolet stamp. On public form it should be a fine point between the representatives of the tricolour and the popular yellow and black, but prophecy does not come within our province, and the new trial before Judge Clark, moved for by five out of six Ascot Cup competitors, should be worth all the distance and dust to see.

Doncaster is a golden chestnut horse, with a blaze face and two white heels, the latter being very slightly marked, somewhat after the fashion of ringbones. With the exception of a little "calfiness" about the knees, he is a remarkably true made and handsome animal, with superb action, and has proved himself a genuine stayer. He stands about fifteen hands three inches high, and looks bigger than he really is, owing, perhaps, to his remarkably fine substance and bold carriage. In fact, he is one of the handsomest Stockwells we ever saw, having a shapely intelligent head, well and cleanly set on to a strong neck, let into magnificently long and sloping shoulders. He is not very high at the withers, but has a short, strong back and well-formed quarters, slightly drooping towards the tail. His back ribs are lengthy and well arched, and he has good muscular arms and second thighs, plenty of bone, clean, wiry sinew, and as good a set of feet as ever were plated. Mr. Merry's retirement from the Turf has been long talked about, but he does not look like giving in just yet, and though Russley has not been to the front so conspicuously as in former years, we have no doubt there is something in the back ground to "warm up" the Ring in the autumn. As yet the annual two-year-old crack has not put in an appearance, and Glenalmond has turned out but a sorry successor to Doncaster. Marie Stuart has been out of form, but she is likely enough to be busy again when her day comes, and her Ascot running need not be taken into account. Both the chestnuts seem likely enough to train on, and when the period for their retirement from active service arrives, he will be a lucky man who can retain them for his Stud. Hitherto we have to record such disastrous failures as Lord Lyon and The Duke among the sons of Stockwell; and though Blair Athol, St. Albans, and Thunderbolt, may be reckoned as sets-off, we want something by the "Emperor of Stallions" to succeed him as progenitor of Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger winners.

Reviews.

SKETCHES OF THE ASHANTEE WAR.

WE have been favoured with an inspection of these very spirited sketches, at present on view at Ackermann's Fine Art Gallery in Regent Street. The artist, Mr. Orlando Norie, has made excellent use of the sketches supplied to him by Col. Colley, C.B., and other actors in the stirring scenes so graphically depicted. The ideas are, in most cases, very truthfully worked out, and no pains have been spared to render the collection a complete record of one of the most remarkable wars of modern times. Several of the sketches have been purchased by Her Majesty and other members of the royal family, and we would direct special attention to the fidelity of detail and minute descriptive labour which pervades the collection. The "Officer's Funeral" (that of Captain Huyshe, Rifle Brigade) is treated in a strikingly dramatic manner, and without the slightest attempt at the sensational, too often aimed at in such productions. "Fixing the Telegraph," is another characteristic drawing; and "Cutting a War Path," is both vigorously and truthfully handled, the painter evincing that acquaintance with military operations, so seldom found in mere artificial workers with pencil or brush. "Rait's Artillery," is another stirring incident; and the exploits of the "Black Watch," in the passage of the Oke, and "Storming of the Ashantee Camp," will interest numbers who now have vividly presented to their eyes, that which they have studied with so much interest by the light of newspaper correspondents. We hope Mr. Norie will take a higher flight next time, and try his hand at some episodes of our military history in oil colours. We have made his acquaintance before, as a student of military subjects, treated in a more fanciful style, but the reality of the incidents depicted in this collection, adds immensely to its interest; and we heartily commend a visit to Mr. Ackermann's gallery to those for whom the late Ashantee war possesses more than a passing claim.

ISLE OF MAN RACES.—We are requested to state that horses intended to compete in the Isle of Man races on the 13th and 14th of August will be taken from Liverpool to Douglas and back free of charge. During the race week, the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's steamers will leave Liverpool for Douglas for conveyance of horses and passengers, every day at one o'clock in the afternoon, and will be able to land the horses shortly after arrival. On Thursday the first day of the races, a steamer will leave Liverpool at seven o'clock a.m. coming direct into harbour between twelve and one o'clock, in time for the races, and returning from Douglas after the conclusion of the races on Friday night.

GOODWOOD—PAST AND PRESENT.

GOODWOOD HOUSE was purchased by Charles I., Duke of Richmond, the natural son of Charles II. and Louise Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, as a hunting seat, and for occasional resort. The original mansion, an old gothic structure, was pulled down, and that portion of the present one which forms the centre of the west wing, a plain edifice of Portland stone, with a pediment in the centre, was, under the direction of Sir William Chambers, erected in its stead. The tapestry, drawing-room, state bed-room and dressing-room, formed part of the old house; the windows open to the lawn, and command a beautiful view of the grounds, the dog-kennels a very handsome building, terminating the prospect.

During the ensuing week, the Prince and Princess of Wales will occupy these apartments, and may gaze upon the walls hung with magnificent Gobelin tapestry, presented by Louis XV. to the third Duke of Richmond; when ambassador at the French Court; they will here see a chimney-piece, an exquisitely finished work of art, the production of one of the most celebrated English sculptors, John Bacon; their attention, too, may be called to a well painted and striking picture of Madame de Montespan, the favourite mistress of Louis XIV, who succeeded in weaning his affections from the beautiful and unhappy La Valliere; this brilliant, witty, and ambitious woman was in her turn supplanted by Madame de Maintenon. Throughout the house are to be found reminiscences of past celebrities, and past customs. Commence we with a pair of curfews, so-called from their use *couverfeu*, to cover or extinguish fire, which reminds us of the line,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;"

then again Waterloo is brought before us in the shape of a tricoloured banner, one of those presented by Napoleon I., after the return from Elba, bearing the inscription "Champ de Mai," and on the reverse, "*L'Empereur Napoléon au Département des Bouches du Rhone*," and a pewter plate, which "*L'homme du jour*" is said to have used on the morning of the 18th of June, 1815; a group of dogs in marble, executed by the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the friend of Fox; a beautiful worked shirt of Charles I., and various articles in silver, used during the infancy of the "Merry Monarch," will claim attention. Then the portraits bring to the "mind's eye" of the spectator deeds of bygone days. Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, the hero of Bannockburn; Montrose, the high and chivalrous friend of the martyr Charles, whose melancholy fate attaches the deepest interest to his name and story; Sir William Waller, the famed Parliamentary general, to whom Arundel Castle and the city of Chichester surrendered—the latter after an eight days' siege; General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who played so conspicuous a part in English history; James, Duke of Monmouth, whose sun set for ever at the battle of Sedgemoor; Oliver Cromwell; John Sobieski, King of Poland; Wolfe; and the Duke of Cumberland. From warriors we turn to wits—Carew, a privy councillor of Charles I., and Thomas Killegrew, page of honour to the first, and groom of the bedchamber to the second Charles. Then a naval hero appears, Commodore George Anson, afterward Lord Anson, whose exploits in the *Centurion* of sixty guns are well known. In the stable-yard of the inn at Waterbeach, adjoining the park, the figure-head of the above-mentioned ship, a lion carved in wood, was preserved for many years. On the accession of William IV. it was removed to Windsor: the stone pedestal on which it rested bore the following lines:—

"Stay, Traveller, awhile, and view
One who has travelled more than you;
Quite round the Globe, thro' each degree,
Anson and I have plough'd the sea,
Torrid and frigid Zones have past,
And safe ashore arrived at last:
In ease with dignity appear,
He in the House of Lords: I here."

In addition to the above, are representations of Lord Hawke's Victory over the French in 1759, the Bombardment of Havre de Grace by Lord Rodney, the *Centurion* sailing from and returning to England, and the ill-fated *Royal George* at Spithead. Among foreign celebrities may be seen portraits of Marie de Medici, Cardinal Fleury, and Helena Forman, the second wife of Rubens. In English history, the following stand out conspicuously: Charles I., Henrietta Maria, Charles Prince of Wales, James Duke of York, the Princesses Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, Charles II., George II. and Caroline his Queen; the family portraits are numerous, from the days of Charles II. to the present time, to which may be added those of Fox, Pitt, and other intellectual giants now no more. Return we to the house: Sir William Chambers' building remained until 1800, when the third Duke of Richmond, who had devoted a long life and ample fortune to the planting and improvement of the estate, commenced those extensive alterations and additions which have produced the present noble pile. It consists of a principal front with a colonnade of two orders, a portico of six doric pillars, supporting another of an equal number of ionic, of Portland stone, extending one hundred and sixty-six feet, and terminated by two circular towers, with hemispherical roofs. The wings, each representing a front of one hundred and six feet, are also terminated by similar towers. The whole of these additions are composed of square flints, collected from the Downs, and which possess this superiority over Portland stone, that the longer they are exposed to the atmosphere the harder and whiter they become. Mr. James Wyatt was the architect under whose superintendence the buildings were completed. The situation of the house, although not in the centre of the park, is nevertheless so far removed from its extremities, as to have ample space around it. To the east, at the distance of a few hundred yards, commence those beautiful swells and valleys which add so greatly to the charm of the landscape, and mark peculiarly the cultivated scenery of the South Downs. The grounds immediately connected with the House, termed the High Wood, include about forty acres; here may be seen an artificial glen, representing the scene of an earthquake, with the ruined wall of a chapel; adjoining the ruins is an hermitage, near it the orangery. In the park and high wood, the timber and many of the ornamental trees are well worthy of notice; they consist principally of tulip, cedar, beech, American oak, larch, fir, lime, cypress, plane, and chestnut, with some splendid cork trees of great size and beauty. The cedars are, however, the greatest ornament of Goodwood, and we find from a MS. memorandum written on the title-page of Miller's "Gardener's Dictionary" in the library, that "in 1761 the Duke of Richmond planted one thousand cedars of Lebanon, four years old, procured for him by his friend, Peter Collinson, the Duke being then twenty-six years old." This is a rare instance, for it too often happens in our days, that to keep up the turf, timber is cut down, sold, not bought. The pheasantry is situated to the north-east of the house, and just above it is Cairney Seat, erected from the materials of the tower of Hove Church, on the fall of which they were purchased and applied to their present purpose, and it received its name from that of a faithful old servant of the family. The situation is unrivalled, and the property embraces an immense extent of the coasts of Hampshire and Sussex, with the intervening plains spread out like a panorama beneath. Goodwood races were established in 1802. In the spring of the previous year, however, a meeting was arranged by the members of the Goodwood Hunt, and the officers of the Sussex militia. In the *Sporting Magazine* of April, 1801, is the following notice:—"The new race-course on the

Harroway, near Goodwood, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, is now completely formed for sport, and much admired by the acknowledged "amateurs of the Turf." These amateurs of the Turf must have been easily pleased, for the course was as different to what it now is, as the brilliancy of gas is to the dim, oily rays of other days; the stand was a small thatched building, with scarcely room enough for a hundred people to gather within its walls, and the three day's sport was most indifferent, consisting of four sweepstakes, two plates, two hunters' stakes, and six matches, the two latter ridden by gentlemen. Amount of Stakes, £325 10s.; money given, £313. The only notable event, was a match for 100 guineas, in which the Prince of Wales's Revel, by Trumpator, beat the Duke of Richmond's Cedar. In a newspaper published at Chichester, in 1802, we find the following notice:—"To the efforts of equestrian skill, is to be added the princely and almost unprecedented munificence of the noble founder of the Goodwood Races, in providing the newly erected stand with a collation which might be entitled a general *refrigerium*, for the access was as easy as the reception was elegant and hospitable." For many years, the Goodwood Meeting could only rank as a third-class country gathering; so poor was the sport, and so paltry the subscriptions, that it was even betting it would not outlive many seasons; evident symptoms of decline, as well in the racing as the company were so apparent, that nothing but wonderful exertions on the part of the late Duke of Richmond could have kept up the meeting founded by his ancestor; and here, in giving an extract from a newspaper published in 1802, we fervently hope we may see the latter part of its wish fulfilled in the person of the present Duke, who still takes a deep interest in the meeting: "The thanks of the county in general, and of Chichester and its vicinity in particular, are largely due to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, for having thus munificently and liberally instituted an establishment of most material local benefit in every point of view; both as a source of pecuniary advantage to the inhabitants, and as a means of forwarding to notice, and increasing the consequence of the western part of the county. We can only add our wish that the illustrious Duke may for many years live to enjoy, in health and happiness, a scion planted by the hand of his ancestor, but nurtured and brought to perfection by his own." Aided by the exertions of that "Leviathan of the Turf," Lord George Bentinck, considerable alterations and improvements were made in the course, which is now surpassed by none in the Kingdom; and in 1830 the new Grand Stand was opened, capable of containing nearly three thousand people. To show what the old stand was, it is only necessary to state that when the Duke of York paid his last visit to Goodwood Races, in 1845, his Royal Highness saw the Cup run for from a country waggon drawn up opposite the winning-post, the rain all the time descending in torrents, the stand being full of ladies, and there being no other building, the Duke preferred the "pelting pitiless storm," to being stifled in the small stand. It was at this Meeting that an event occurred which caused a little sensation, but which, fortunately, did not reach the ears of the principal actor in it. The Duke of York was being shown over the house by one of the fourth Duke of Richmond's brothers, when they approached a small armoury. "What are these pistols?" asked the royal visitor, taking up a pair of duelling pistols. "An old pair," responded the other; he might, with truth, have added, "these pistols were used in a duel between your royal highness and my father, when a bullet grazed your curl." The "Iron Duke" was a constant visitor at Goodwood during the races, albeit his Grace took little or no interest in the turf. The late Lord George Bentinck was a staunch supporter of Goodwood races; often did he appear in the character of steward and starter, when he was the terror of refractory jockies. As a gentleman jockey his lordship's judgment and knowledge of pace made up for his rather unwieldy length, and one of the best races on record took place at Goodwood in 1824, when Lord George on Mr. Poyntz's ch m Olive, won the Cocked Hat Stakes after three dead heats. The ridiculous custom of compelling amateur riders to make themselves more ridiculous by appearing in cocked hats, like sweeps on May-day, has long been abolished. It would swell our pages too much were we to give the names of the illustrious persons who have been guests at Goodwood during the races; suffice it to say that there is scarcely a foreigner of distinction, or any one of note in this country interested in the turf, that has not partaken of the hospitalities of the head of the Lennox family. When we look back to the time when the company was small, the running on a par with the company, "neglected, melancholy, slow," so much so that upon one occasion, when the late Edward Hughes Ball, commonly called "The Golden Ball," was steward, so meagre was the sport, that he made matches with two of his phaeton horses, he riding one, and a friend the other; and when we remember the gambling booths (once so highly patronised, that a Mr. Corty offered £300 for a piece of ground for the week upon which he could erect a gambling tent), the barn-like looking stand, the miserable refreshment booth, and compare the races up to 1830 with the meetings of the present day, we may well say "dull Goodwood" has become "Glorious Goodwood." In the stand and on the velvet turf may be seen a display of beauty which few similar scenes can boast of—

"Knights and dames,
And all that wealth and lofty lineage claims,
Appear."

But it is not alone for rank, beauty, and fashion, that Goodwood stands pre-eminent; the quality of its sport may challenge competition with all England. With a slight alteration, Shakspeare's lines are appropriate:—

"Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully,
Goodwood and Sport, Richmond and Victory."

BALFE ON THE JENNY LIND TOUR OF '48.

ROGER, the dramatic tenor who created several important characters in grand operas, became more widely spoken of after the accident which led to his amputated arm being replaced by a mechanical one, than previously, for his artistic qualities.

He accompanied Jenny Lind on her farewell tour through Great Britain, and has himself recorded his reminiscences of that journey of triumphs. As the composer of *Il Talismano* figures in his diary, perhaps a sketch of its contents will interest.

On the 4th of September, in the year of "red fire and powder in the air," 1848, the artistic crusade started to rendezvous at Birmingham, where the campaign opened. A month was to be spent in the provinces, Scotland and the sister isle; but that scanty space was much extended. Balfé was the orchestral leader; F. Lablache, the basso; Roger, tenor; Jenny Lind, the leading singer; Belletti, the baritone, &c.

Roger found Jenny Lind a woman of genius, all the more wonderful in his eyes, because she had never appeared in Paris; the laurel leaf of praise by the *habitués* of "Papa" Veron's temple, was, indeed, never hers. Dread of that severe tribunal, or contempt of the gay city, unworthy the presence of a cold, chaste Swede; in any event, Paris never knew the Nightingale of the North, of whom Madame Nilsson is but a frigid shade. Happily, this somewhat uncongenial spirit, dwelt apart from the volatile Southrons; she had her hotel apart from the general stopping-place.

Balfé and his musicians were out on the Humber with the party. "It was the brightest sun I had ever seen in England."

Well might the merry Irishman give cause for the tenor's cry of joy, in relief from the worry of rehearsals. "Balfé was here, there, and everywhere, like a Figaro-violinist, now humming the embryo tune yet to be heard among us, now assisting the ladies to a shady seat to leeward of the sail," now "selling" the Frenchmen with the report that two of their number were misdirected, and were even now on the way to "New Holland"—the New Holland, it comes out afterwards, which is to Hull what Birkenhead is to Liverpool. Clever as was Lumley, Balfé was not the man to let his light remain under the bushel. Already he had been speaking English with Roger, proud and eager, like most Frenchmen, to acquire the novel tongue; and at the end of September, at a *matinée* concert in Edinburgh, Roger made his first attempt at singing in English, with the romance out of *The Bohemian Girl*. Over twenty years before the Gipsy was heard in Paris, a French tenor was singing its chief *morceau* in England. It takes time to travel across this unbridgeable channel!

Roger notes that the impassive Scotch had already warmed at the excellence of this troupe, and he was received with waving hats and handkerchiefs to encourage him, so that he got through without faltering. Mr. Simpson (is this Mr. Palgrave of that ilk?) remarked that two Miss Macgregors, of stoniest aspect, were weeping all through the William Tell trio. "Who told me the north was cold? Pshaw, mere fiction of the geographers!"

The joyous company crossed St. George's Channel in the *Esmeralda*, all down with sea-sickness.—Norma, Robert, Otello? The foreigners were delighted to find that the Catholic population kept Sunday in no such dull fashion as the English and Scotch. But the famous beggars of Dublin, remarking the moustaches, so uncommon a sight, followed the promenaders along the waterside; the wild Irish girls, in particular, indulging in *polichoneries* rather too Hibernian, calling Belletti a little blackamoor, just as he was likening the Liffey to the Arno. One horrible "dummy" disgusted the musical monarchs with his inarticulate cries, till Balfé, well aware of his countrymen's impotency, "banged" the mute in pantomime, and, finding that novel gesticulation to fail, was obliged to knock the mendicant down three times running to get rid of him. This prompt conversion into the blackthorn, of the orchestral *bâton*, was quite à la Tipperary or Donnybrook.

For *Sonnambula* there was the most densely packed house our diarist ever saw before him. "In belauding the excitement of an Irish public, Balfé had warned me of one thing, that hissing is here a token of approbation. When the mob is tired of applauding, or too tightly packed to move their elbows, the general gratification is expressed in all possible vocal ways: catcalls, yells, howls, hooroos, squeals, hisses, groans, yelps, screams, and so on; and we were hissed! the audience writhed with delight, it was like a nest of boas!"

After a drive through the "Phaynix," of course there was an evening at Jenny Lind's—the manager, Madame Grooté, Lablache, Belletti, and Piatti, our sterling Piatti of present days was one of the four who played Haydn's quatuors. A light supper, and Jenny Lind making the circuit of the table to fill up the cups with champagne! Ah! that innocent-looking widow Clicquot that set them all a-dancing! Balfé with "the Edith Plantagenet" who should have been, the others pairing off just as chance dictated. Then came the farce of *Wanted, a Dancer!* where two Vestris's applying for an engagement foot it in emulation, while the manager, to depreciate their exertions, seeks to show that what they do is mere child's play. "Lumley, as the manager, danced with the gracefulness of a bear who had at all events received a little training." The champagne left its excitement; for our foreign friends on the Sunday (!), a rainy day, made soap-bubbles filled with tobacco smoke, and sent them sailing over the people in the street hastening to church. One can imagine the scene, fit for a future Royal Academy exhibition: the scandalised church-goers in the street below, Roger and his friend at the window with the 11 Barberish bowl of lather, and Balfé dodging behind them, ready to explode with suppressed laughter.

But to Dublin was soon to be given good-bye, amid the cheers of the mob. "Long life to Jinny Lind! hoorooh for the mother of the darlint!" resounded from the shores whence the last echoes were "Be sure to come agin!" Though the sea was smooth, everybody remembered the first crossing. "This man grew pale, that other flushed, Hermann the violinist pretended to read, Balfé munched biscuit and took frequent pulls at the brandy flask dangling at his side, and my wife laughed much too noisily—all bad signs." But suddenly Lumley rallied the band, and all staggered into position, with Balfé reeling into his. Thus insecure on their sea-legs, they set up the Marseillaise Hymn! In that time of revolution, Chartism, Captain Swing, Rebecca and her Daughters, and what not, the Marseillaise on the poop-deck of a royal navy vessel! But presently, the English national air arose, and hats were doffed. Then came livelier airs, and at the polka, Jenny Lind and Roger led off the ball. They were imitated, and there they were whirling round under the hot sun, while the boat pitched and lurched. Unfortunately, like the "Exit Overture" of Haydn's, the instruments subsided one by one, and shortly the last fiddle yielded up a farewell chord—the musicians were hanging over the bulwarks, dangling their arms in the melancholy attitude of the victims of Mr. Punch.

On the 30th of October, a grand concert was given at Brighton. The prices of admission were after the usual quotations during the "Lind fever;" but our singer objects to fashionable audiences, applause in kid gloves being next to silence. There was in fact a profound stillness, even after the opening of *La Gazza Ladra*, though performed with a full orchestra. As the vocalists behind the scenes were looking at one another in blank dismay, Balfé "came round" and, thrusting his head in at the half open door of the greenroom, said with the broad pronunciation of the Italian buffos: "*Fanciulli, che furor che abbiamo fatto!*" This relaxed all faces into smiles, and soon after the aria of *The White Lady*, *The Bohemian Girl* selection again, and Jenny Lind's air from *Norma*, woke up even the aristocratic ladies into frenzy.

And that burlesque cheering-up is the last view of Balfé in his element that the tenor affords us. Jenny Lind seems to have affected him deeply. On the stage, during the ritornello of the finale of the last act of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, she whispered to the tenor: "Mark me, Roger! these are the last notes you will ever hear from me in a theatre!" He was stupefied, and went through the rest with grief at his heart, though he had to smile. There was a dinner next day (Saturday, November 4th), in Lumley's rooms at the Bedford Hotel. The toasts were to Jenny Lind, and to Roger's speedy return to England, for another five month's tour. The cheers were sung in harmony. In the midst of the sentimental feeling called up by these good wishes, "*cette chère Jenny*" took a diamond ring off her finger, and said, solemnly, to her companion of so many triumphs: "Roger, I hope that each sparkle from this stone will remind you of my wishes for your happiness." The woman spoke wholly there, and Sweden was somewhat represented. The singer remained sad, for he had hoped that his artistic friend would be seen in Paris. "Why should she leave the stage?" he murmurs; "is she a-weary of doing good? for throughout her artistic career, she has led a saintly life; I hear that a bishop filled her head with scruples. Apollo be his judge!"

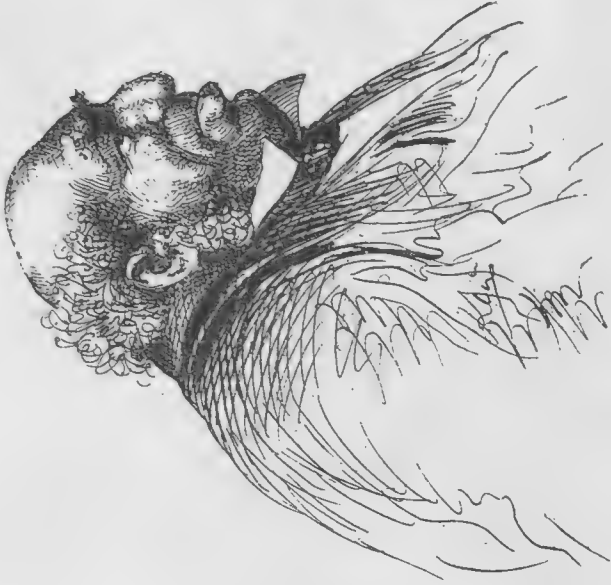
And so he went back home, to find trouble in the air of Paris, and revolution quaking the Boulevards. H. L. W.



1. I GIVE MY FRIEND JONES THE STRAIGHT TIP.



2. JONES BACKS MY CHOICE FOR A TENNER.



3. JONES IS A LITTLE ANXIOUS.



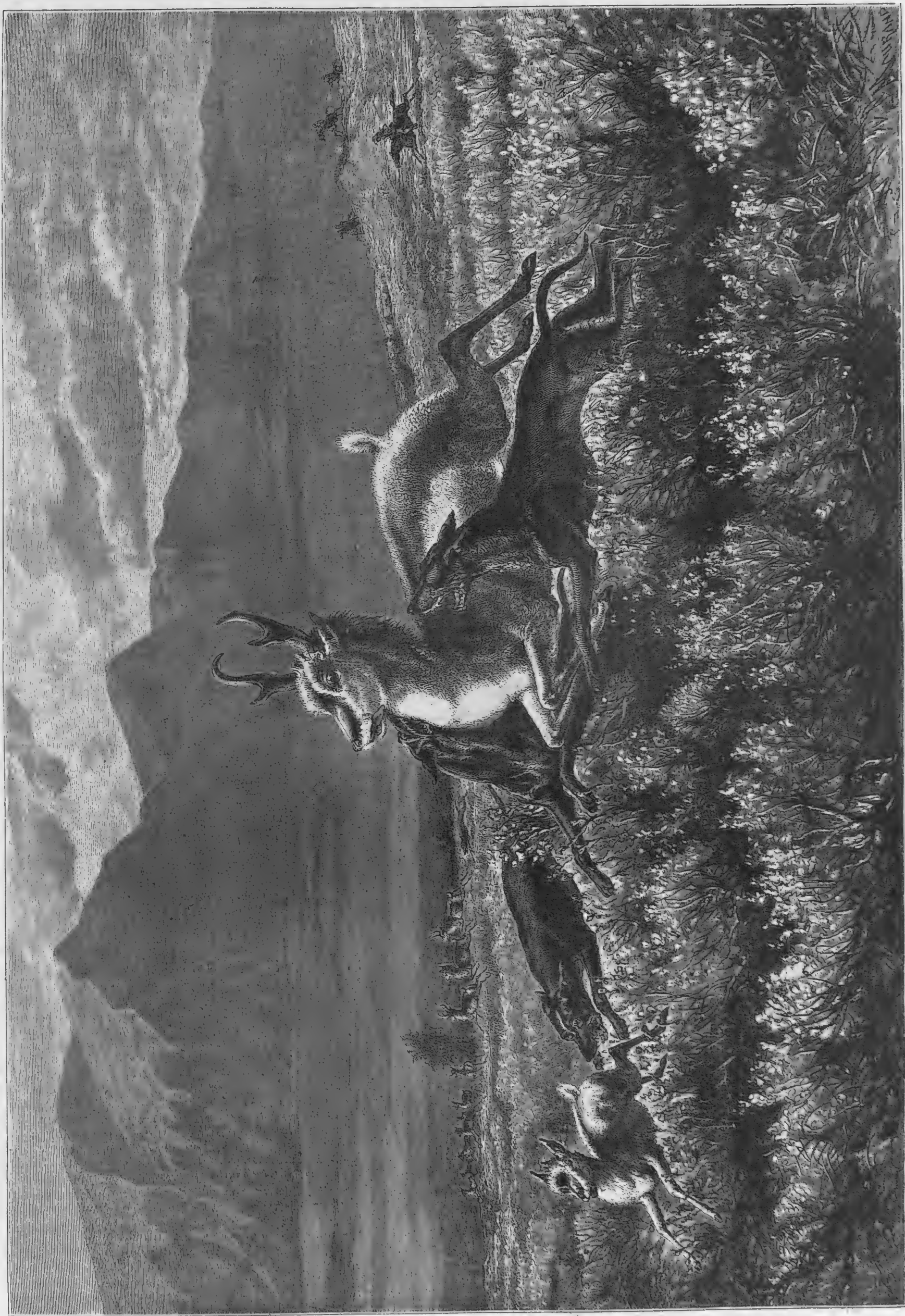
4. JONES HEARS FROM SMITH THAT MY TIP IS SAFE TO LOSE.



5. SMITH IS RIGHT.



6. JONES'S FORGIVING EXPRESSION WHEN HE BIDS ME "GOOD-BYE."



"NEARLY DONE."

Polo.

POLO IN HURLINGHAM PARK.

THERE was a very large company within the enclosure set apart for this popular pastime in Hurlingham Park on Saturday afternoon last, when a contest took place between the 9th Lancers v. the World. It was originally intended that the Lancers should have played against the Blues, but, the latter being ordered to take part in the review at Wimbledon, the game was postponed till to-day. The sides were as under:

9th Lancers.—Captain Clayton, Lord William Beresford, Hon. E. Willoughby, Mr. R. St. Leger-Moore, and Mr. S. G. Bateson. The World.—Sir Bache Cunard, Hon. Lee, Mr. A. de Murrietta, Mr. C. de Murrietta, and Mr. J. C. Brocklebank.

The world scored an easy goal in the first game, Sir Bache Cunard making the winning hit. Some splendid play took place in the second game, each side, in turn having the advantage; but at length the Hon. E. Willoughby sent the ball flying, and Captain Clayton made the goal. Each side had thus won one game, and in the third contest a most determined stand was made by both parties, and finer play was never witnessed, Mr. St. Leger-Moore making the goal amidst tremendous cheering. A fourth game was commenced, and after some good play on both sides time was called, and the 9th Lancers were declared the winners, having scored two goals to one. Mr. Reginald Herbert, and Mr. Green were the umpires.

Shooting.

THE HURLINGHAM PARK CLUB.

THERE was a very large and fashionable company in Hurlingham Park on Saturday last to witness the combined attractions of shooting and polo. An Optional Handicap Sweepstakes, at five birds each, was the chief event decided, and for which twenty-six members competed. Some good shooting took place, and at the conclusion of the fifth round the Hon. H. Leeson (24 yards), Captain F. Leighton (27½), and Mons. H. F. Jourdiere (27), had killed five each. On shooting off the ties, the Hon. H. Leeson won the pool (£26) by killing his sixth pigeon, the other two missing their first tie bird. Mr. Fane (27½) scored four; Mr. M. D. Treherne (26), three; Sir John Blois (24½) and Mr. H. Rae-Reid (28), two each; Mr. Weguelin (25½), Mr. W. Clowes (27½), Comte de Galve (25), Mr. David Hope Johnstone (28), Mr. Willis (27), Mr. J. Thynne (27), and Mr. S. E. Shirley, M.P. (28), one each; and twelve others missed their first bird and retired. Several handicap sweepstakes, at three pigeons each, were also shot off during the afternoon, the first, with eight subscribers, being won by Captain F. Leighton; the second, with nine competitors, was divided between Mr. H. Weguelin and Mr. W. Clowes; the third also ended in a division between Earl de Grey, M.P., and Mr. J. Jee; Mr. J. Thynne won the fourth, beating ten opponents; and the fifth, with eighteen subscribers, was equally shared between Mr. H. Weguelin and Captain H. B. Patton.

THE GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

THERE was a moderate attendance at the club grounds on Saturday last, when a Twenty-seven Yards Optional Sweepstakes at six birds each, for a silver cup, was contested for by 22 members, of whom Mr. Frederick Norris and Captain Shelley killed six each. On shooting off the ties, Captain Shelley won the cup and £22 by adding another to his score, Mr. Norris's seventh pigeon getting away. The other competitors were Mr. W. S. Salting, who scored five; Captain Henry Bethune Patton, Mr. Berkeley Lucy, and Mr. T. Lant, four each; Captain Cecil Holder, Mr. Stone, Mr. Arundel Yeo, Mr. W. F. Gambier, Mr. Chariton Adams, Mr. J. Bateman, Mr. Lildale, and Captain Aubrey Patton, two each; Mr. Stovin and Mr. Edgar Larking, one each; and Mr. J. Dacres, Mr. F. Y. C. Bainbridge, Mr. Aug. Grimble, Mr. Alexander, Mr. F. G. Hobson, and Mr. Charles Kerr missed one each, and retired from the contest. Four sweepstakes, all at 27 yards, were also shot off; the first being divided between Mr. Arundel Yeo and Mr. Bainbridge; the second, with twenty subscribers, also resulted in a division between Mr. Alexander and Mr. T. Lant, after killing six each; the third, with seventeen entries, ended in Mr. J. Davies and Mr. T. Lant taking an equal share of the pool by scoring six each; and the fourth, with twelve competitors, was won by Mr. Berkeley Lucy killing eight. Mr. Grimble shooting well up.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER IV.

IN my last chapter I gave an account of a clever mail dodge practised upon a highwayman, I now give another, equally clever, practised by a lady. Lady Walpole and Lady Browne were going to the Duchess of Munroe's at seven o'clock, when within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure approached the carriage, and in a loud voice cried "Stop." Lady Walpole had the presence of mind, before letting down the window, to take out her watch and stuff it within her dress. The robber then exclaimed, "your purse and watches?" "I have no watch," replied Lady Walpole, "here's my purse, it contains nine guineas." He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, who handed it to him. "Well," said Lady Walpole, "you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it." "Oh! but I am," responded the other, "and now I am in terror lest he return, for I have given him a purse with bad money, that I carry on purpose." To return to my adventures. After quitting the "Hightflyer," a hackney coach conveyed me home to Richmond House, where I found everything prepared for my supper, and at nine o'clock, Sir Gilbert Blane, physician to the family, called for me in his carriage, to take me to Dean's Yard. The worthy M.D.'s costume was very unlike the dress of the medical men of our day; for instead of the loose Tweed wrapper and trousers, the Wellington boots, the black necktie, and the unpowdered caput; Sir Gilbert appeared in a suit of sables; coat, waistcoat, and breeches, of black cloth; jet knee and shoe-buckles, black-silk stockings, white neckcloth and shirt frill, powdered head, and a pigtail. After a hearty salutation, the kind-hearted man suggested that we should at once proceed to Dean's Yard. It was a raw, miserable night, a cold thaw; the streets were full of melted snow and slush; and as we drove under the melancholy-looking archway that leads to the spot where I was to take up my new abode, my heart died within me. As this is a record of sport, I pass over my introduction to my tutor Dr. Dodd, to my dame, Mrs. Packharness, to my new school-fellows, and proceed to say that I soon got into the way of amusing myself. At the time of which I write, Tothill Fields extended from Milbank Row, Westminster, to the site formerly occupied by Ranelagh Gardens, and covered the ground now occupied by the Penitentiary, the approaches to Vauxhall Bridge and numerous new squares and streets; the fields, with the duck-pond; the willow walk, the halfpenny hatch, are no longer to be traced, and not a vestige of green pasture has been left. One of my "cronies" proposed that on the first half holiday we should proceed to the fields, in search of a legendary snipe; failing in that, to have a

morning with the ducks. Having hired a fowling-piece, we proceeded to the scene of action, and here a sketch of my costume may not be out of place: it consisted of a shooting-jacket with huge pockets, the shot loose in them, an ink-bottle as powder-flask, and a satchel, turned inside out to hide the red leather, formed a game-bag. After an hour's walk, in which the snipe would not make his appearance, we went to the duck-pond, where we contracted for five shots a piece, at sixpence a shot, the killed to go to the gunner. These web-footed birds had a wonderful knack of "ducking," just at the moment the barrels were pointed against them, so the result of our day's sport was not over satisfactory, inasmuch as we only bagged two ducks. These two ducks, though rather ancient ones, formed the splendid "tuck out" the next "early play." At this period driving was much in vogue, and the Whip Club flourished under its leader, Mr. Charles Buxton. As a matter of course, we Westminster youths were not behind the fashion, and upon all whole holidays, every buggy, gig, or dog-cart that could be hired was put in requisition. Constantly did I find myself in Hyde Park in a buggy horsed by a rover, or a blind one, much to the amusement of those assembled to witness the splendid turns out of the Whip Club; and here a mention of that club may not be uninteresting to the reader. It consisted of fifteen members, and at the first meeting were the following teams:—

Mr. Buxton's	Barouche landau, four bays.
Lord Portarlington's	Do, do, do.
Lord Hawke's	Do, do, do.
Sir H. V. Tempest's	Do, do, do.
Hon. Lincoln Stanhope	Do, do, do.
Mr. Champion's	Do, do, do.
Mr. Wallace's	Do, do, do.
Captain Aga's	Do, with greys.
Lord Edward Somerset's	Do, four bays.
Sir T. Mostyn's	Do, do, do.
Sir H. Smith's	Do, do, do.
Lord Foley's	Do, do, do.
Mr. J. Warde's	Do, do, do.
Mr. Annesley's	Do, four roans.

The principal vehicles were painted bright yellow, hung high, with arms and crests on the door panels. In the harness, the Buxton bit, Hawke head terriit, the Butler bearing hook, and the Rogers ring were in vogue. The arms and crests were richly embossed on the wipers, pads, nose-bands, and breast-plates, while scallop shells on the hame-tugs, were substituted for the scroll ornaments in chased work, which had previously been the fashion. The drivers were furnished with white box-coats, horns, (for "shooters" were not then in fashion), and spare bars and traces; their costume consisted of a light drab-coloured cloth coat, made full, single-breasted, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankle; mother-of-pearl buttons, of the size of a crown piece, engraved with coaching, shooting, hunting, coursing, and racing subjects; waistcoat blue and yellow stripes, each stripe an inch in depth; corded silk plush smallclothes, made to button over the calf of the legs, with sixteen strings and rosettes to each knee; boots, very short, and finished with broad straps, which hung over the tops and down to the ankles; a hat, three inches and a half deep in the crown, and the same depth in the brim, with large bouquets at the breast. Such was the dress of the rival societies—the Whip and Driving Clubs, sixty years ago. A newspaper of the day thus describes the Driving Club:—

"The Driving Club set out from London on Thursday the 9th of June, 1803, and made a most noble display of horses and carriages, in the following order:—

"Sir Henry Peyton
Mr. Annesley
Mr. Stephen Glynn
Lord Edward Somerset
Mr. Villebois
Mr. Harrison
Mr. Whitmore
Mr. O'Convers
Sir Henry Smith
Mr. Pierrepont
Mr. Cox
Sir Thomas Mostyn
Lord Foley
Mr. J. Warde

"Mr. Annesley's four roans, thoroughbred, were greatly admired; all the other members drove bays. After dining at Bedford, they dashed home in a style of speed and splendour equal to the spirit and judgment displayed by the noble, honourable, and respected drivers." Let me now for the moment put on my seven league boots, and jump from 1803 to 1838. It was on one of those bright days—those sweet, joyous, sunny days—when, as the novelists say, "the voice of spring is in the meadow—her breath upon the breeze—when earth is teeming with fertility—when buds unfold and flowers burst—when birds carol cheerfully—when all is rife with happiness and glee," that the Richmond Driving Club met at Chesterfield House—no longer, as in the olden time, the gentlemen aped the manners of coachmen. See the noble president, the "observed of all observers," the good Earl of Chesterfield, in an easy and graceful attitude, with the most perfect command over his team; see, too, a nobleman not a member of the club, but one devoted to every manly sport, the gallant head of the Somerset family, enter the yard; he, too, on the box was a first-rate performer, and his son and grandson, the present Duke of Beaufort and the Marquis of Worcester, are worthy descendants of the Plantagenet race. But I will not, as the Americans say, "individualize," where all were excellent it would be invidious to select any, as the song says:—

"In this famed driving club, it were endless to trace
All the notable coachmen the ribbons who grace;
Since Waterford, Paget, and Pitt swell the stream,
And the eye dwells delighted on every team."

The Club consisted of the following members:—

President.—Earl of Chesterfield	Blue and red coach, four greys.
Marquis of Waterford	Brown and red coach, bay team.
Earl of Waldegrave	Blue and red open barouche, four browns.
Earl of Sefton	Yellow barouche, bay team.
Earl of Rosslyn	Dark coloured coach, bay team.
Count Batthyany	Dark blue and white coach, bay team.
Vicomte Powerscourt	Light coloured barouche, four greys.
Lord Alfred	Dark brown and red coach, bay team.
Lord Alfred Paget	Yellow and blue coach, mixed team.
Lord Macdonald	Dark brown and red coach, bay team.
Hon. Horace Pitt, now Earl Rivers	Blue and red coach, mixed team.
Sir E. Smythe, bart	Dark green coach, three greys and a piebald.
A. W. Hervey Aston, Esq.	Dark blue and white coach, two bays and two greys.
—Angerstein, Esq.	Dark brown coach, bay team.
T. Bernard, Esq.	Dark brown coach, bay team.
Colonel Copeland	Yellow barouche, four stallions.
Lewis Ricardo, Esq.	Dark blue and white coach, bay team.
H. Villebois, Esq., jun.	Yellow coach, four greys.

Splendid as were the "turn outs" in 1838, they are eclipsed at the present time, as those who witnessed the drags in Hyde Park on the 27th of May, 1874, will testify. During my Westminster days, steam had not made its appearance on the Thames, and that noble river was open to those who, like myself, were addicted to aquatic sports. A row or a sail was attainable by all; and it was a most brilliant sight to witness the numerous pleasure boats, from the wherry to the eight oared cutter, manned by noble

amateurs, and filled with well-dressed ladies, or tenanted by the worthy citizen and his family, who gladly escaped from the dust and the heat of the city, to enjoy the fresh breeze on the river. Now mark the difference. It is positively a service of danger to be on the water at all, the numerous steamers dodging in and out, backwards and forwards, while tugs, brigs, barques, schooners, cutters, colliers, barges, so entirely take up the whole of the river, that a small boat has no chance against this leviathan craft; and anyone wishing to have a pleasure trip in the boats that now ply upon the river, must not only run the usual risk of the old saying—"of there being only one plank between himself and eternity," but has the additional chance of being run into by a "Red Rover," capsized by a "Waterman," having your knell rung by a "Sea Nymph," being upset by a "Triton," fouled by a "Fairy," swamped by the "Sons of the Thames," immersed in the river by the "Ocean," or finding yourself "full fathom five" deep by the action of an "Ariel." Boating had always been a passion with me; from the time I used to sail my toy cutter in the small gulleys formed by the sea at Bognor, down to the present. I look upon a cruise in a yacht as one of the most enjoyable of all out-door recreations; never did I pass a more happy time than I did on board my cutter, the *Loadstar*, of 48 tons. To my mind a yawl of 70 tons is the most perfect vessel for those who content themselves with a cruise to Scotland, the Channel Islands, or the French coast. It is a handy vessel, can run into any port and requires few men. A captain and ten men; inclusive of steward and cook, are all that are wanted. Those who aspire to cross the Atlantic, visit Gibraltar, or take a cruise to Sweden or Norway, will require a schooner of from two to three hundred tons, but I have wandered from my subject, and must reserve my boating at Westminster for another chapter.

MISS ANNIE EVA FAY'S SEANCES.

MISS ANNIE EVA FAY the latest imported "medium" from America, and who is described by the New York Press as the introducer of the most marvellous and sensational manifestations and thrilling scientific experiments ever heard of under the most stringent test conditions, gave a private performance at the Crystal Palace, the week before last, as a preliminary dress rehearsal to a series of public seances which took place at the Crystal Palace on each afternoon, and at the Hanover Square Rooms, each evening during last week. The performances and effects produced, are precisely similar to those of the Davenport Brothers, except that a curtain encloses the tied medium in the cabinet instead of solid doors, and the programme, in which Miss Fay is designated as "the celebrated indescribable phenomenon," comprises, like the Davenports, a light and a dark seance. Undoubtedly clever as the performances of the Davenport Brothers were at the time, the astounding effects produced being avowedly attributed to spiritual agency, was too much for the credulity of the British public, and the entertainment never took deeproot here, but utterly collapsed, when Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke came forward, and accomplished all, and even more, than the Davenports attempted, and by human ingenuity and skill alone. Steering clear of the fatal rock of the Davenports, Col. Fay, who conducts both seances of Miss Fay, in a few preliminary remarks repudiates any attempt to account for the marvellous effects about to be introduced; that they mystify scientists, puzzle conjurers, and confound philosophers; that while exercising an undoubted right of entertaining, his individual opinions on the subject of these phenomena, he refrains from obtruding these private opinions on the audience, leaving them to their own unfettered judgment and discernment, to draw their own conclusions as to the effects they would witness. At the request of Col. Fay, two gentlemen are selected by the audience themselves to act as a committee on the platform, to see that all is conducted fairly, and without confederacy or concert. These gentlemen having carefully examined the cabinet or recessed screen all round, and satisfied themselves of its freedom from any mechanism or concealed means of access, Miss Fay, a youthful, and good-looking young lady, with a profusion of fair curls, and *petite* figure is introduced. Her hands are first tied together behind her back by a strip of cotton cloth, and the knots sewn through and through with a needle and thread, so that they could not possibly be undone without detection; she then takes her seat on a camp-stool at the back of the cabinet, and her fettered wrists are again fastened by another strip of cotton to an eye-bolt screwed into the cabinet behind her, while her neck is similarly fastened by another strip of cotton passed through a second staple at the proper level in the cabinet. Her ankles are likewise tied together by a cord, the end of which is held by one of the committee, who sits in the front row, so that he may detect the slightest movement on her part; and now succeed a series of very astonishing manifestations. First of all, Col. Fay places a strip of cotton loosely round Miss Fay's neck, the ends hanging down separately over her chest. The curtain is lowered, screening Miss Fay only for two or three seconds, when it is raised disclosing the two ends of the strip of cloth firmly knotted together. A guitar, two bells, and a mouth harmonium, are now placed on Miss Fay's lap, and no sooner is the curtain-dropt than the strings of the guitar twang, the bells violently ring, and the harmonium is sounded. On the curtain being raised, Miss Fay is discovered sitting calmly, and firmly tied as before, and the bells and instruments scattered promiscuously about the floor of the cabinet. Numerous other experiments ensue, of similar kinds, and with as astounding results, considering that after each effect, the committee minutely examine the fastenings of the wrists and neck, and find them as they originally bound them. A hoop placed on the lap is found round Miss Fay's neck, on the curtain being raised. A tumbler full of water is discovered to be empty. A nail is driven through a piece of wood an inch thick. A small gold ring placed on her knee is found attached to her ear. A large pail is rested on her lap, and on the curtain being lowered and almost instantaneously raised again, is found inverted over her head like a helmet. And finally, a pocket-knife is placed by one of the committee on Miss Fay's lap, and before the curtain has screened her more than a few seconds the knife is flung out with the blade shut up; and, when the curtain is raised, Miss Fay is free from the fetters, the ligatures being severed between the knots; which are left with the stitchings untouched. We have omitted to mention one of the most remarkable feats included in the experiments—the cutting out of a piece of paper the figures of two dolls; and on Monday evening, when we attended the seance at Hanover Square, a gentleman among the audience, on this effect being produced, wished it repeated, and handed up a sheet of paper on which he had pencilled a few words in order to identify the paper. This was placed on Miss Fay's lap with a pair of scissors, as in the previous experiment; and in a very short interval, while the curtain was down, the form of a heart was neatly cut out of the paper. The whole of these results are truly marvellous, and not the least of their cleverness is the singular rapidity with which they are produced, but the means by which they are so, constitutes their especial cleverness, and puzzle the most acute scrutiny. The dark seance succeeded, and partook of the usual manifestations of the spiritualist. A dozen ladies and gentlemen, promiscuously from the audience, ascended the raised platform and sat in a circle with joined hands, Miss Fay occupying a stool in the centre. Fans, guitars, fiddles, bells, &c., were distributed on the knees of each, and on the lights

being extinguished these were snatched from the positions in which they had been placed. The fans vibrated, the guitars and other musical instruments were played while moving rapidly through the air, and the bells rang out loud peals, while Miss Fay kept incessantly clapping her hands, to prove that her fingers were not the active agents that produced the musical and other sounds, which still continued even while, towards the end of the séance, her hands were held in those of one of the gentlemen forming the mystic circle. The whole performance is intensely interesting and amusing, simply in a spectacular point of view, and as an extremely clever and ingenious exhibition of dexterous conjuring.

HOG HUNTING IN INDIA.

HOG-HUNTING, as carried out in India, is a truly regal sport, being the incarnation of all that is exciting, and it may be said to combine all the attractions of fox-hunting with the excitement of steeple-chasing, heightened by that intense fascination which the presence of danger only can inspire.

The following is the system usually adopted by the famous Deccan Hunt, which, in the palmy days of hog-hunting maintained the highest prestige, and was ever celebrated for the boldness of its riders, even in a land pre-eminent for the excellence of its sportsmen.

The most experienced of its members being chosen Master of the Hunt, had under his orders a gang of some twenty shekarry scouts, whose sole occupation was to find out the favourite feeding places of hog and the patches of jungle they generally resorted to at daybreak, and to him was entrusted the general management of the hunt, and all the arrangements for the beat.

The hog-hunters having assembled soon after day-break, as noiselessly as possible, at the jungle-side, the master pairs them off in twos and twos, great care being taken to match the rivals for the spear as equally as possible, due consideration being given to the experience of the riders and the goodness of their cattle; for the great excitement of hog-hunting is not the actual killing the boar, but the great emulation and spirit of rivalry that is engendered in winning the spear of honour from a worthy competitor.

When the line of spearmen have got well under cover, the signal is given for the line of beaters, who are under the guidance of the shekarry scouts to advance. In some jungles it is best to beat silently, and in others, where the bush is thick, it is advisable to make use of tom-toms and other noisy instruments, cholera-horns being sounded only when the game is known to be afoot. We shall suppose ourselves at the jungle-side waiting for the hog to break, and listening intently to the shouts of the beaters, who are evidently approaching the open ground, and driving the game before them, as we can tell by the discordant squirl of the cholera-horns being heard at both ends of the line. Suddenly the yells become louder, and one distinguishes the "*view halloo*" "*Soor, jata hy*" (There go the pig). Then comes the anxious moment, and the line of horsemen, waiting spear in hand, as if impatient for the fray, peer through their cover, and seek to distinguish the old grey boar from the female and younger branches of his family. Loth to leave his stronghold, and somewhat sulky at being disturbed so early in the morning, he is sometimes difficult to dislodge, and oftentimes breaks back and charges the line of beaters, but at last he makes a rush for the open, and is seen trotting leisurely along followed by the rest of the sounder, a short distance in front of the beaters. A report from a pistol, or "the alarm" on the bugle, announces to the line that the quarry has broken fairly in the plain, and when the master of the hunt considers the quarry has gained sufficient law, he gives the word, and the bugle sounds "*the advance*," which is the signal for the line of horsemen to emerge from their cover and contest the spear of honour.

The old boar, who up to this time has been grunting savagely, scarcely appears to quicken his movements until the hunters begin to close upon him, when he bounds away with a speed that no one who has not been an eye-witness would conceive. Then comes the exciting moment, the rush for first blood, and a score of gallant horsemen, with heads up, bridle-hands down, and the points of their spears kept well forward, charge at full speed along the plain. Then comes into play the experience and coolness of the old hunter, mounted on the best blood of Nedjed, who, enjoying the chase as much as his rider, follows, *con amore*, every swerve of the boar, and forging slightly ahead, gains the near side, and enables his master, by leaning forward in his saddle, to drive his spear well home behind the shoulder-blade, and cause the quarry to roll over on his back in the dust. If the spear-point has penetrated the heart, the grey boar dies—as the brave do—in silence, not a moan escaping him, but should the vital spot be missed, woe unto ye that follow if you are not ready, for, in the twinkling of an eye, the infuriated monster picks himself up, and cocking his head on one side knowingly, as if to take aim, with a wild roar, and open-mouthed, charges the nearest of his antagonists, and unless the onset is promptly met on the point of the spear, the chances are that one or two horses will be badly ripped, and their riders besmeared with gore.

The boar is one of the most courageous and fearless of forest animals, and when severely wounded, in his desperation, I have seen him charge, utterly reckless of life, against my spear's point, forcing the shaft through his body until he could bury his tusks in the flank of his antagonist's horse. Neither the lion nor the tiger will ever willingly attack a solitary boar, unless they can pounce upon him unawares, which is not often the case, as he is desperately cunning, and can detect the taint in the air at a great distance. His tenacity of life is also very great, and I have seen a boar receive a dozen severe spear-wounds, some of which completely transfixed the body, before he finally bit the dust. The best places to spear a boar, so as to reach a vital spot, are just behind the shoulder-blade, low down, when the point enters the heart or lungs, along the ridge of the spine, when he becomes more or less paralysed, or, if possible, just where the head and neck join.

The great secret in attaining success in the hog-hunting field is to *ride straight*, as there is scarcely any ground that a hog can get over where an Arab horse cannot follow. Press him from first to last at the best speed your horse is capable of, so as to *blow him on the first burst*, otherwise he will gain his second wind and run for miles, and there will be tails shaking and heaving flanks amongst those who are in at the death. Those hogs found in hilly countries, that have to take long journeys every night to and from their feeding grounds, exhibit far greater speed and endurance than those bred in the plains, being on far better training for running.

Remember always to ride *with the butt of your spear down and the point well forward, almost in a line with your horse's ears*, so that in case of a fall it is not likely to hurt either your horse or yourself. If you once lose sight of your hog, the chances are that you will not see him again, as he is a cunning brute, and escapes by taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground or some dried-up water-course.

When closing up with your hog, try and get to his near side, so as to be able to use your right arm freely, and when he begins to tire and his speed to slacken, or when you see him champ his tusks (which prognosticates malicious intent and mischief brew-

ing), touch your horse with your left heel, and spring him alongside of your game at the best pace he can go, taking care to have the point well directed, so that the impetus of your rush drives it well home behind the shoulder-blade and out of the chest. Remember not to let go the butt end, and keeping your horse well in hand, pass your antagonist at speed, *wheeling off at the moment* of delivering the thrust, so as to withdraw your spear and avoid a charge. If this is skillfully done the chances are that you will get away scot-free, and leave your enemy rolling in the dust in his last agony. Should the wound not prove mortal, circle round and charge him again at speed as he stands at bay, but be careful how you act or you may come to grief.

Sometimes it happens that the leading spears are thrown out and baulked of taking the first honours by the boars doubling sharp round, and in that case the second line get a fair chance of taking the spear. The great advantage of having a thoroughly trained horse, with a good mouth, now shows itself, for "the spear is never lost until it is won," and by wheeling sharply round, the advantageous position may again be gained.

The hunter who has accustomed himself to handle his spear with his left hand equally with the right, possesses a great advantage over a rival who can only work with his left hand. Thus when his opponent has the *spear-hand*—or is riding close on the near side of the boar—ready to spring his horse and take the first blood, instead of jostling his adversary, he dashes up to the off side, and gains an equal chance of getting the spear, being ready to take advantage of the slightest swerve the animal makes if he should attempt to double.

Old boars are proverbially cunning, and after having been once hunted are very difficult to dislodge, for very often neither noise nor even the sight of the advancing beaters will make them budge from their lair and take to the open ground. They break back and charge the line of beaters time after time, and frequently manage to escape in that manner. An old boar "*stot*" is broad, and deeply indented, from his weightiness of body; the imprint of the toes are round, thick, and often far apart from one another, whilst his stride is very long in comparison with the rest of the "*sounder*." One of our most famous Indian hog-hunters thus describes the different dispositions of the porcine race:—

"There are various kinds of hogs which may sometimes be met with in one morning: I merely allude to their difference in disposition. The young boar is active and incautious, and goes off with amazing speed: fights well; but, from want of sufficient length of tooth, has not the same chance as more aged ones; and, I think, feels the spear more—i.e. dies sooner. The boar full grown, affords much finer sport; but the grunter, just on the turn, is the one to make a man's blood run brisk. His exertions to save his life, tempered with caution, would surprise a fox-hunter, methinks! The only way to come up with one of this class is, to press him very hard the moment he bursts, when he will most likely slacken his pace after about a mile. The moment he sees you have the speed of him, he will turn, and then is the time to give him the blow. A hunter should always keep the hog about ten yards a-head of him, a little on the right; so that, the instant he perceives him waver in his direction, he may have him under his spear hand; for hogs in general turn down on the hunter when they come to the stop. This is the time a man's eye and horsemanship tells: if he has a good eye on the hog, and a correct hand on his horse, he does his business for him; and at the instant he delivers his spear into the small of the back (every man has his favourite spot to strike at—mine was always the small of the back, as being the most vital); he has his horse off to the left. The force of the blow checks the hog, and the right spur well put in takes off the horse. People generally get their horses cut at this critical moment. If they miss their aim, the hog gets in on them, and, unless they have already got their nag away, they get a nasty cut, which sometimes proves fatal, always annoying."

The engraving shows the Nugger Hunt spear-head, which is now generally used all over India. It is somewhat in the shape of a myrtle leaf, but the curves are very gradual from point to shaft, so that it penetrates easily, and is withdrawn without difficulty. Another great advantage of this shape is that the edges and point can be easily ground, and afterwards sharpened on a hone. The Deccan Hunt spear-head, which has four edges, is much used by sportsmen on the Madras side, and some prefer it to that of the Nugger Hunt, because the orifice of the wound it makes is somewhat larger and allows the blood to flow more freely. It is, however, rather difficult to sharpen, which is a drawback in the bush. It is almost unnecessary to add that all spear-heads ought to be made of the best tempered steel, and any showing the slightest appearance of a flaw should be discarded.

A stout male bamboo sufficiently tapering, and with knots pretty close together, makes the best spear-shaft, but when this is not procurable, a close-grained, well-seasoned ash-pole is not a bad substitute. Bamboos for war spears ought to be cut at the close of the hot season, when the sap is in the roots, and they should be hung from the rafters with a 14lb. weight fixed at the bottom for some months to dry straight, and season. The natives say that if bamboos are cut at the new moon they will endure for any length of time; if at full moon, that they will decay in two or three years; and that if cut by daylight, then they will get dry-rot, before they can become seasoned. They therefore select the straight growing bamboos in the day, and fasten cloths round them, cutting them at night. Although this theory is common in several parts of India, and long experience has proved it to be a correct one, I could never obtain any satisfactory reason why such should be the case. It is however certain that in the low lands of tropical countries no attentive observer of nature will fail to witness the powerful influence exercised by the moon not only over the seasons but also upon animal and vegetable life, and few people are better aware of this fact than the Carib mahogany cutters of Honduras, as timber cut at the proper time of the year is twice as valuable as that cut out of season.

The spear ought to be well balanced, and it is usual to have the butt weighted with lead for that purpose. In the Bombay and Madras Presidencies hog-spears are generally nine feet from the extreme point of the blade to the butt, and this was the regulation length both of Nugger and Deccan Hunt Clubs. In Bengal many sportsmen use a spear about six feet in length weighted with nearly two pounds of lead at the butt—holding this about a foot and a half from the lead part they are accustomed to use this like a javelin, or to job down when the horse gets alongside the boar; whereas, in Madras and Bombay, hog-hunters use the spear like a lance, but carried loosely in the hand, so as to allow free play to the wrist in directing the point of the spear. Throwing the spear is considered most unsportsmanlike, on account of the numerous accidents that have taken place both to men and riders by the spear turning, on coming in contact with the ground. No sportsman would throw his spear at a charging boar if he had not his horse's heels to

carry him out of danger in case he missed; besides which, he would have to pull up and dismount to recover his weapon, and in the meantime, the boar is either killed by others, or gets clear off, if he happen to be alone. An experienced hog-hunter directs the point of his spear and allows the force of his horse's rush to drive it home. In receiving a charge when the boar comes down upon him, he merely holds the point steady, without raising his arm, and lets him run upon his spear—the pace of both, sending it in most effectually. The hunter ought never, if possible, let go his spear, but after delivering a thrust bring it out again as he wheels round. For this reason spear-heads should be small, being more easily recovered than large ones, that get jammed between the ribs.

The best rig for a hog-hunter, is, perhaps, a very easy and loosely cut blouse, of any stout material of neutral colour, reaching some three inches below the hips, and with wide shirt-like sleeves fastening at the wrist, which allows the free action of the arms, and yet is not likely to catch in anything; leather, corduroy, or moleskin breeches, and "Napoleon" boots, which will protect the knees from thorns.

The best head-gear is a fore-and-aft hunting-cap with a two-inch brim all round, built very strong, so as to protect the head, in case of a cropper, and covered with a well-twisted slate-coloured turbaned or cotton-padded cap cover, as a precaution against sun-stroke. Hunting spurs with short necks, and rowels uppermost, and filled with chains and buckles, are best for hog-hunting purposes, and a serviceable seven-inch blade hunting-knife that can be carried in a belt, and worn behind in the hollow of the back, often comes in handy at an awkward pinch. In an inside left breast pocket, should be carried a small flat case, containing, lint, plaster, cotton bandage, silk, and a few surgical needles, in case of the boar taking liberties either with man or beast.

The following rules were strictly enforced in the Deccan and Nugger Hunts:—

1. The master of the Hunt must be implicitly obeyed by the whole Club when in the field, and he has the sole direction of the Hunt and the selection of the country for the meet.

2. The strictest silence is to be maintained at the jungle-side, and when Members are once posted they must not mount or leave their cover until the hog have broken and the bugle has sounded "*the advance*."

3. No followers whatever, or spare horses, are to be allowed at the cover-side.

4. When two or more boars break, those who wish to contend for the spear of honour must ride after the largest, and no sow must be pursued if there is a boar in the sounder.

5. The slightest puncture with the spear's point, if it draws blood, constitutes "*the first spear*," and the owner is entitled to the tusks.

6. Every Member taking "*a first spear*" is expected to follow up his hog until killed.

7. Disputed spears to be decided by the Master of the Hunt.

8. Disputes, or claims for "*the first spear*" are to be settled on the spot by the Master of the Hunt, who decides the case according to the judgment of the majority of riders present. Should there be any doubt upon the subject, the tusks to be divided.

9. In order to prevent accidents through carelessness, any rider jostling another intentionally, or carrying his spear improperly, shall be fined a gold mohur; and repeated inattention to this rule shall, if brought before the notice of the Committee, render the offender liable to be disqualified from riding for the spear of honour.

10. All fines to go to the Hunt Fund.

11. Any Member shooting a hog in the tract of country ridden over by the Hunt, shall be liable to expulsion from the Club.

12. The messing arrangement shall be managed by the Committee chosen by the Members amongst themselves, the Master of the Hunt for the time being President. Two picnics and two balls shall be given by the Club every season.

A sportsman who would be an adept in hog-hunting must possess strong nerves, a good eye for country, keen sight, firm seat, light hand, and more especially a bold heart and a cool head.

Add to these qualifications a fair judgment of pace, a certain dexterity in handling the spear, and an intimate acquaintance with the habits and extreme cunning of the boar, and you will have an accomplished hog-hunter, such as no other country in the world but India can turn out.

It is considerably over a quarter of a century since I took my maiden spear, yet there are times when every incident of that memorable day comes vividly before me, and in my mind's eye I see the well-remembered forms of my old associates in the forest and the field, and think I hear their joyous voices resounding in my ears. In both the Deccan and the Nugger Hunts, after Her Majesty's health had been drunk, Bob Morris's chant, "*The Boar*," was ever "*the opening lay*," and some of the most jovial nights I ever spent were at these gatherings, at which were collected the boldest riders, the greatest sportsmen, and some of the most distinguished officers that India has produced.

DEATH OF HERALD D'ARMES.—Mr. Forbes has sustained a great loss in the death of this son of Tournament and Honey-moon, who died recently from the effects of an accident he met with while running in the Grand Metropolitan at the last Baldoye Meeting. Bred in France, his chief win in that country was the Prix de Guiche, one mile six furlongs, when he defeated Gabier and ten others; he then came to England, and was purchased by Mr. Forbes for steeple-chasing. For cross-country work he showed the greatest aptitude, and when as a five-year-old, carrying 10st 11lb, with Capt. Smith up, he won the Conyngham Cup, hard held, defeating such horses as Curragh Ranger (11st 9lb), Bashful (11st), and Star of the Sea (10st 6lb), besides eight others, he gave promise of being a very likely candidate for Liverpool honours; however, this was the last race he won for Mr. Forbes. He ran for the Grand Stand Plate at Cork, but fell after going a short distance. He fell in this year's Liverpool when going well; he then was made a very hot favourite for the Prince of Wales's Plate at Punchestown, but ran into the fence past the stand; and when going as well as anything in the race at Baldoye he met with the accident which caused his death.—*Irish Sportsman*.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN MEETING.—The entries for the Baldoye fixture are of a very satisfactory character, most of the items having received very fair subscriptions, as will be seen from the subjoined list:—Curragh Plate, 23 subs; Tyro Plate (first entry), 43; Provincial Plate (first entry), 17; Dublin Plate, 20; Evening Plate (first entry), 31; Turf Plate (first entry), 16; Baldoye Plate (first entry), 27. Second entries are to be made by August 8 for the Tyro, Provincial, and Evening Plates; and for the Turf and Baldoye Plates on the first day of the races.

HERO.—This promising two-year-old colt, the property of Mr. T. Jennings, injured himself severely a short time back, but seemed to be progressing favourably until Sunday night, when he unfortunately broke his thigh in his box, and had to be destroyed.

LIENIG'S liquid extract of beef does not require cooking or warming. It is in the form of a foreign liqueur; is composed of beef, brandy, and tonics. Sold by grocers and wine merchants as a high-class cordial or liqueur, and by druggists, as a superior nutritive tonic. Wholesale consignees, G. Gordon & Co., Italian warehousemen, 77, West Nile-street, Glasgow.—[ADVT.]



The
Nugger-Hunt
Spear Head.



PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE STALKING.

THE PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE.

WESTWARD ho! Far away to the West of the great Mississippi, on the rolling prairies that encompass the Rocky Mountains, you must travel, gentle reader, if you would stalk the Prong-horn, or American antelope. There, undisturbed by anything but the songs of the birds, and the hum of insects, vast herds of these beautiful animals may be seen careering over the undulating plains, from which this vast range of wild and desolate heights (alternating with deep valleys, and overhanging gorges) rise abruptly, often appearing to be quite near—owing to the illusion caused by the wonderful clearness of the air—when it would require a long day's journey to reach them. The atmosphere on the Western prairies is so pure, that antelopes are easily seen when fully a mile off, and the hunter can tell whether they are feeding quietly or are alarmed; but, beautifully as the transparent thin air shows all distant objects, we have never found the great Western prairies equal the flowery descriptions of travellers. They lack the pure streamlet, wherein the hunter may assuage his thirst—the delicious copses of dark leafy trees! and even the thousands of fragrant flowers, which they are poetically described as possessing, are generally of the smaller varieties; and the Indian who roams over them is far from the ideal being—all grace, strength, and nobleness in his savage freedom—that we, from these descriptions, conceive him.

The hunters of the prairies of the far West are ardent and indefatigable in the pursuit of game, and the life they lead is full of pleasurable excitement. Up long before dawn, while stillness yet reigns upon the earth, on foot at dewy eve, and late in the night, reckless of danger, careless of exposure, they are ever on the watch, observing the habits of the denizens of the woods and mountains. Those only who have lived in these wild regions,

"Lone as the rivers of unpeopled lands,"

know the extreme pleasure of being afoot in the forest at early morning, while there is a haze over the landscape, listening to the gradual awaking of animal life around, and hearing how the very earth shakes off its deep slumber. At last, as day begins to break, the hunter sees strange weird-like forms emerge from the gloom, stealing silently with ghost-like tread, and he then has admirable opportunities for observing the habits and instincts of free, nature-impelled, forest creatures. The bark or call-note of the prairie wolf announces the near approach of daylight, and the hunter, at once afoot, does not require much time for the duties of his toilet; he makes a fire, boils his coffee, and broils a bit of venison or wild turkey. Then he treads the paths along which the sign shows that animals pass along in returning from their nightly rambles, to the covert usually its resting-place for the day, or, perhaps, he ascends an elevation from whence he may discover his quarry feeding in the lower grounds.

We have wandered amongst the Rocky Mountains for months together, and have passed many days of excitement, and some perchance of danger on the prairies in the wilder portions of the Western States, whilst in pursuit of the grizzly bear, the buffalo, the large horned sheep, the Rocky Mountain goat, and the Prong-

horn antelope; and at times memory recalls adventures we can hardly even attempt to describe, for the Indian tribes were then out on the war-path, and it was only because our party were known to be well armed, and always upon the alert that we were not attacked.

The white man conducts his hunting excursions in various modes suited to his tastes, and adapted to the nature of the country in which he resides. In mountainous rocky regions, where horses cannot be used with advantage, he goes on foot, armed with a rifle, takes no dog, and seeks for his game in such situations as his sagacity and experience suggest. He either spies him in his bed, or silently steals upon him behind the covert of the stem of a large tree, whilst he is feeding, and takes a steady and fatal aim. On the contrary, in situations adapted to riding, where the woods are thickly clothed with underbrush, where here and there wide openings exist between briar patches and clumps of myrtle bushes, or on the open prairie, antelopes are chased with hounds, the hunters being all mounted.

One of our engravings, taken from a drawing by Mr. W. M. Cary, represents antelope-hunting, with greyhounds, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. On approaching the mountains, the rolling prairies are found, or the commencement of the foothills, but in reality the place where the Rocky Mountains first break the level of the plain. These localities are the favourite resorts of the Prong-horns, or the American antelopes, when they leave the mountains. Ascending to the top of a hill, the hunter will frequently discover a herd of antelopes feeding below. They are quick to scent danger, and the first one which notices the approach of man, gives its peculiar call of warning, when the whole herd quickly runs in a body. An old buck antelope, generally the largest, will step out a few paces from the rest to make observations. He looks but for a moment, stamps the ground impatiently, and then bounds away with the speed of the wind, followed by the entire flock, until they are entirely out of sight. The hunter who hopes to have a shot at them with his rifle generally finds himself mistaken. As they dash away, they can only be seen at intervals, crossing the knolls on the prairie. In a few moments nothing is discernible but a line of white objects, which, viewed through a field-glass, prove to be white patches on their backs.

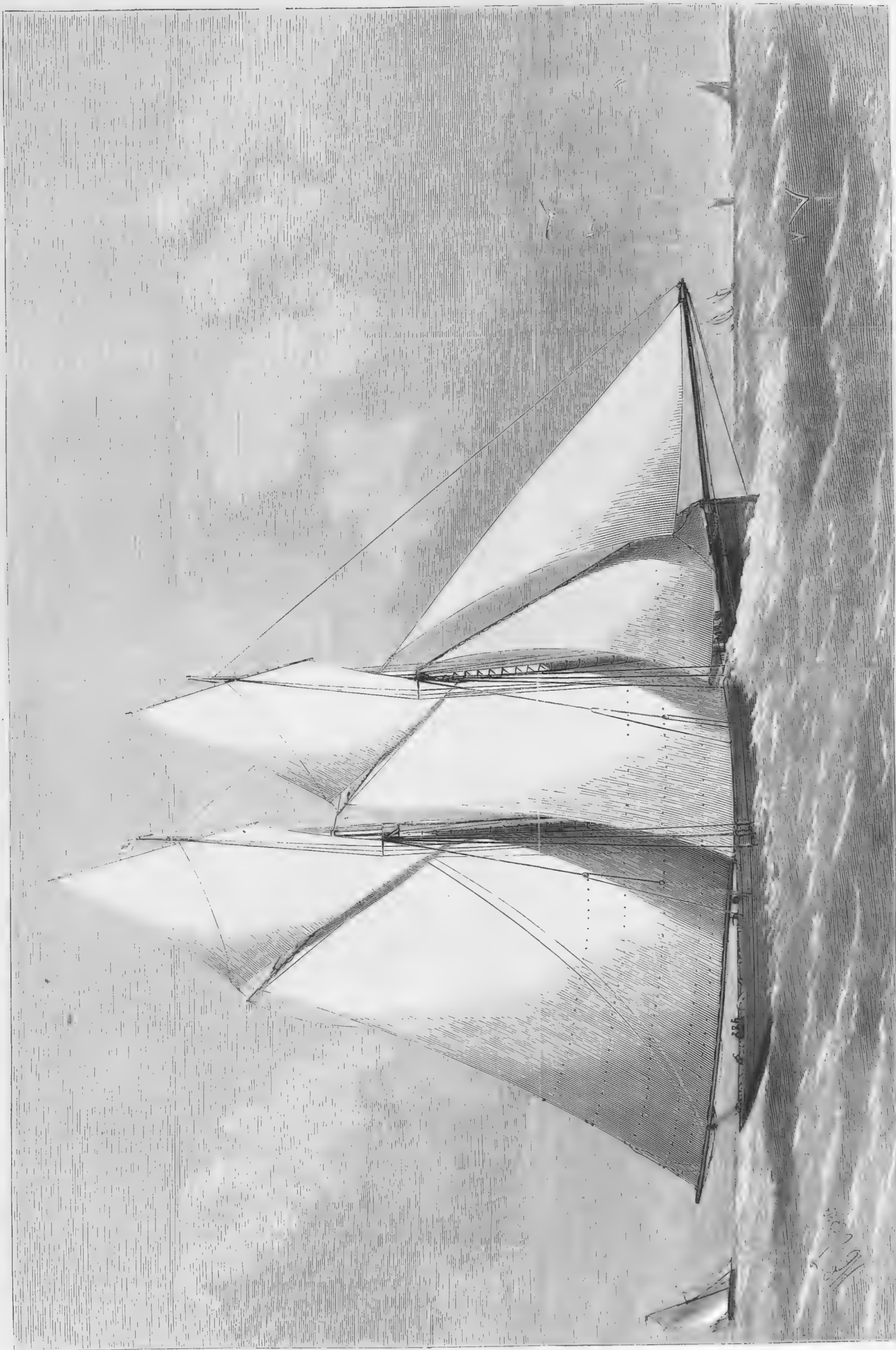
The horsemen seen in the picture have surprised a herd of antelopes under the cover of a hill, which are hotly pursued by fleet-footed greyhounds, the two dogs in the foreground evidently being old hunters. These have run after the same animal, separating it from the rest, and are about to pull it down, having "closed in" on both sides. Another dog has singled out the fawn, well knowing that it can be more easily caught than an old antelope. A hound that was probably behind his fellows when the chase began, is in pursuit of the herd, with the prospect of a long and unsuccessful chase. Large, well-trained dogs, when run in pairs by relays will often overtake and pull down antelopes under favourable circumstances. Those who possess well-trained dogs, capable of outrunning the antelope, prize them highly, not only for the sport they give, but from the fact that they can catch wounded animals of all kinds which would otherwise escape.

Audubon, the great American naturalist, gives us the following graphic description of the habits of the Prong-horn:—

"Reader, let us carry you with us to the boundless plains over which the Prong-horn speeds. Hurrah for the prairies and the swift antelopes, as they fleet by the hunter like flashes or meteors, seen but for an instant, for quickly do they pass out of sight in the undulating ground, covered with tall rank grass. Observe now a flock of these beautiful animals; they are not afraid of man—they pause in their rapid course to gaze on the hunter, and stand with head erect, their ears as well as eyes directed towards him, and make a loud noise by stamping with their fore feet on the hard earth; but suddenly they become aware that he is no friend of theirs, and away they bound like a flock of frightened sheep—but far more swiftly do the graceful antelopes gallop off, even the kids running with extraordinary speed by the side of their parents—and now they turn around a steep hill and disappear, then perhaps again come in view, and once more stand and gaze at the intruder. Sometimes, eager with curiosity, and anxious to examine the novel object which astonishes as well as alarms them, the antelopes, on seeing a hunter, advance toward him, stopping at intervals, and then again advancing, and should the hunter partly conceal himself, and wave his handkerchief or a white or red rag on the end of his ramrod, he may draw the wondering animals quite close to him, and then quickly seizing his rifle send a ball through the fattest of the group ere the timid creatures have time to fly from the fatal spot.

"The Indians, we are told, sometimes bring the antelope to within bow shot by throwing themselves on their backs, and kicking up their heels, with a bit of rag fastened to them, on seeing which moving amid the grass, the antelope draws near to satisfy his curiosity."

The Prong-horn usually frequents the low prairies adjoining the covered woody bottoms during spring and autumn, but is also found on the high and upland prairies, or amid broken hills, and is to be seen along the margins of rivers and streams. They swim very well, and occasionally a herd when startled takes to the water, and may be seen crossing a river in straggling files, but without disorder, and apparently with ease. Their walk is a slow and somewhat pompous gait, their trot elegant and graceful, and their run light and inconceivably swift; they pass up, or down hill, or along the level plain with the same apparent ease; and males and females are found together at all seasons of the year. In some instances they are found in pairs, whilst in others several hundreds may be seen congregated in a herd. They are always shy and timid, and their large and beautiful eyes enable them to scan the surface of the undulating prairie, and detect the lurking Indian or wolf creep he ever so cautiously, and should some intervening elevation or copse-wood conceal his approach, the chances are that his presence would be detected by their keen sense of smell, if he did not approach from well to leeward. In stalking these animals, great caution and patience is necessary, as the hunter must move very slowly, and only at intervals when the animals are feeding with their heads to the ground, or averted from him. They appear to live on the short grass of the



THE NEW SCHOONER YACHT 'SEA BELLE' (143 TONS), THE PROPERTY OF H. TAYLOR, ESQ.

prairies, mosses, buds, and young shoots of certain shrubs, and in hard winters, when the snow lies deep on the ground, and they cannot obtain their usual food, they suffer greatly from hunger, and often perish in great numbers. When the snow is deep and soft, they may be often caught by the Indians in snow-shoes.

The Prong-horn—*Antilocapra Americana*, or goat antelope—although termed an antelope in America, is more allied to the deer family, and in so many particulars, is so unlike the true antelope genus, that naturalists will be either compelled to enlarge the character of that class, or to create another. The three essential points in which the Prong-horn differs from any other of the antelope species are—

First. Its horns are branched, which is not the case in any other of the antelope or gazelle species.

Secondly. It is destitute of suborbital sinus or lacrymal openings, with which all the antelope genus, without exception, are furnished. This is one of the chief characteristics distinguishing the genus antelope from the deer tribe.

Thirdly. It is entirely deficient in the posterior or accessory hoofs, there being only two on each foot.

The engraving which is taken from a drawing made by Mr. W. M. Cary, not only gives an accurate representation of this beautiful animal, but also depicts the extraordinary horns which distinguish it from all other varieties of its class.

The horns of a full grown buck are about 18 inches in length, curving upwards and backwards and having a triangular prong inclining inwards. The shafts of the horns are pearly and striated, and immediately above the prong they diminish to less than half the thickness they are below. The prong is smooth and unwrinkled, about six inches in length, and blunt at the extremity. The ends of the horns are sharp-pointed, and a very old buck has often two or three little irregular points growing out on each side. The doe has small straight pointed horns, about three inches in length and without the prong. The buck Prong-horn has an elegant and stately form, is about 50 inches in length from the point of the nose to the root of the tail, and about 38 inches in height at the shoulder. The female is somewhat smaller, and the neck is shorter. The general colour of both sexes is a reddish dun, the throat, belly, and disc on the buttocks being a greyish white. Encircling the throat and on each side of the neck is a white band with a dark brown one just below it. The does are faintly marked in comparison with the bucks, which have in addition a ridge of coarse hair, resembling a short mane running along the crest of the neck during the winter months. In summer there only remains of this a black stripe on the upper surface of the neck.

The rutting season of this species commences in September; the bucks run for about six weeks, and during this period fight with great courage, and even a degree of ferocity. When a male sees another approaching, or accidentally comes upon one of his rivals, both parties run at each other with their heads lowered and their eyes flashing angrily, and while they strike with their horns they wheel and bound with prodigious activity and rapidity, giving and receiving severe wounds. Sometimes like fencers getting within each others "points," and each hooking his antagonist with the recurved branches of his horns, which bend considerably inwards and downwards.

The Prong-horned antelope brings forth its young about the same time as the common deer—from early in May to the middle of June: it has generally two fawns at a birth. The young are not spotted like the fawn of the common deer, but are of a uniform dun colour. The dam remains by her young for some days after they are born, feeding immediately around the spot, and afterwards gradually enlarging her range. When the young are a fortnight old they have gained strength and speed enough to escape with their fleet-footed mother from wolves or other four-footed foes. Sometimes, however, the wolves discover and attack the young when they are too feeble to escape, and the mother then displays the most devoted courage in their defence. She rushes on them, butting and striking with her short horns, and sometimes tosses a wolf heels over head; she also uses her fore-feet, with which she deals severe blows, and if the wolves are not in strong force, or desperate with hunger, puts them to flight, and then seeks with her young a safer pasturage or some almost inaccessible rocky hill-side.

Athletic Sports.

THE Richmond Meeting has often been called the Ascot or Goodwood of the athletic season, and the members of the Crystal Palace A.C. may fairly compare their fixture with Stockbridge or the Newmarket July. They cannot boast of the large attendance of spectators and the immense fields which characterise Richmond; but the course is equally picturesque, and, if anything, better going, and some capital performances are invariably accomplished, most men appearing to be able to run quite as fast on the beautifully level turf of the cricket ground as on a path. Indeed, the times of several of the races were so good, that we heard grave doubts expressed as to the accuracy of the measurement of the course; but as Small of Hornsey, a very careful man, with plenty of experience in these matters, ran the tape over it no less than half-a-dozen times, there can be no reasonable question but that it was strictly correct. C. H. Mason, R. Matthews, R. C. Brown, A. Buchanan, G. Willmore, and W. Slade, are about the only good men at present belonging to the club, so it could not be expected that the closed events would bring out very large fields. Slade did not start for anything, indeed we believe that, except in the T. H. and H. Steeple-chase Challenge Cup, he has wisely determined not to run again until the autumn, when he will have to get ready to defend his L.A.C. challenge cups; and Willmore, who carried off nearly everything last year, was singularly unfortunate on this occasion. In the 120 Yards Hurdle Handicap he over-jumped himself at the first hurdle, and had a nasty fall at the second, which, of course, extinguished his chance; in the 220 Yards Challenge Cup Handicap he was too eager to get away, and was therefore put back a yard; and he had not gone far in the Quarter Mile Handicap, when one of his shoes burst all to pieces. Referring again to the hurdle race, we noticed that the hurdles were barely 3ft instead of the regulation height of 3ft 6in. This was probably the cause of Willmore's accident, and if it is found impossible to obtain hurdles of the proper size, the handicapper should always be told of it, as good men cannot concede so much start if the jumps are low. R. C. Brown, who won the 100 Yards Challenge Medal, and, with 14½ yards start, the 220 Yards Handicap Challenge Cup, seems to be gradually regaining his old form; but R. Matthews has lost nearly all the fine speed which he possessed three or four years ago. The Mile Handicap, in the absence of Slade, proved the certainty that it appeared on paper for Mason, 90 yards start, as none of his opponents could stay beyond the T.Y.C., with the exception of J. Buchanan, 170, and he has grown terribly slow. Mason's, 34 yards start, victory in the Quarter Mile Handicap was, however, rather a surprise, for it seemed to be forgotten that he has shown a very fair turn of speed on several occasions. Certainly, when A. Buchanan, 29, came into the straight with a lead of three or four yards, it appeared long odds on him; but he does not really care to go more than three hundred yards, and as, owing to a recent accident, he was a little short of work, he tired

to nothing in the last few strides, and could not make an effort when Mason challenged.

The entries for the open events were not so large as last year; but this is fully accounted for by the remarkable increase in the number of athletic meetings held during the present season, for some men, who have run Saturday after Saturday, are now as completely stumped up as over-worked racehorses, while others wisely give themselves an occasional rest and appeared at the Palace merely as spectators. The 120 Yards Handicap seemed to be completely spoilt by the presence of F. A. Capps, 8½ yards start. The handicapper was unaware that, on the previous Monday, Capps had beaten Blaxter by a yard and a half, in a level 100 Yards race at Market Harborough. As Blaxter has consistently proved himself to be superior to Potter at this distance, Capps at 8½ yards appeared about the same as Potter at 10½ or 11, on which terms, it is needless to say, no one would have been found to oppose him. Collateral running is, however, terribly deceptive, and as, on the same day, De Moist beat Blaxter over a quarter-mile course, it appears certain that the latter was quite out of form. Be this as it may, Capps ran neither better nor worse than usual at the Palace, and J. H. A. Reay, 5, gave him the start, and finished just in front of him in the final heat, which was won pretty cleverly by A. G. Tindall, 8½, who ran better than he has done previously this year. Everyone was pleased to see O. Tomlin, 130 seconds start, carry off the Mile and a Half Walking Race, for he moves in most beautiful style, with perfect fairness; and by incessant work, he is steadily improving his pace. Such a finish is rarely seen in an event of this kind, for W. N. Rowland, 140, was only beaten a yard, while D. Cullen, 140, was barely twice that distance behind him, and all three men deserve the highest credit for fighting out such a struggle without the slightest approach to "lifting." Walter Rye was referee, and as he did not prove so long-suffering as most of that unfortunate race, W. W. Ball, 85, C. M., Callow, 90, and W. E. Warde, 150, were disqualified. Ball and Callow unquestionably walked in better style than usual, and the latter would probably have escaped the penalty, had not the excitement of a set-to with the limit man, proved too much for him to resist. In the Half-Mile Handicap, W. Longhurst showed far more stamina than he was generally credited with; but A. S. Puttick, 30, who has been doing so well of late, was never formidable, and being such a very big, heavy man, it is hardly to be expected that he should be able to get the distance; E. B. Turner, 58, might have troubled the winner, had he not fallen heavily when apparently full of running. F. S. Weall, 305 yards start, scored a clever victory in the Two Miles Handicap, in which H. M. Oliver, 168, rather disappointed us by tiring very much towards the finish, for we had regarded him as a promising candidate for very high honours, over a distance of ground. N. H. Matthews, 160, ran even worse than Oliver, and the capital form which he displayed earlier in the season, seems to have deserted him. In the Mile Steeple-chase, we were glad to see that our frequent remarks relative to the absurdly wide water-jumps in vogue in contests of this description, have at length borne fruit, and the race was infinitely more interesting in consequence. What can be more ridiculous than to see a number of men deliberately jumping into a shallow ditch which they cannot possibly get over? At the Crystal Palace, the jump was about fourteen feet wide, and, as it was nearly five feet deep, it may be imagined that the men strained every nerve to clear it, and, whilst most of them succeeded in doing so, the spectators were not entirely deprived of the pleasure of witnessing a ducking. G. C. Bird, 161 yards start, ran uncommonly well, and J. C. Lawrence, 120, who has succeeded to the title of Yellow Jack, vice Rainsford resigned, had, for the second time during the afternoon, to put up with his old place of second.

Sporting Intelligence.

THE TURF PROSECUTIONS.—STUD SALE AT WARESLEY.—RACING, PROSPECTIVE, AND RETROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN I last week suggested that the remedy for the Turf prosecutions, that are now every day cropping up, lies not in argument as to the intention or construction of the Betting Act of 1853, but in its immediate repeal, and the substitution for it of an act which shall express what the legislature really intended, I was quite right; for, the prosecution instituted against Mr. H. Chaplin, M.P., in his capacity of Steward of the Jockey Club, for permitting betting on Newmarket Heath, has not tended to settle the question further, having merely resulted in a case for a court of law. This is a state of things far from satisfactory, as it shows that among our many legislators who are active participants in the national pastime and who are also patrons of the many other popular sports, so widely enjoyed by the British public, and against which these prosecutions are also aimed, there is not one who has the courage, or will give himself the trouble to bring the question before the House of Commons, where it must eventually be decided. It is evident that the Turf is sadly in want of another Lord George Bentinck who, it may be remembered some thirty years back, by his successful resistance to the "Qui tam" actions was the cause of having the Statute Book cleansed of an obsolete act, which placed the loser of any small definite sum upon a wager at the mercy of a common informer. Had Lord George been alive in 1853, he would never have permitted the passing of such a bungling act as that of Sir Alexander Cockburn, which it is evident must be at once repealed, if the world is not every day to be scandalised by such prosecutions as those of Mr. Warner and Mr. Chaplin. That the Chief Justice had some presentiment that difficulties would arise, as to the intention of the act, was evidenced by his remarks when introducing the bill, as he said, "It was not intended to interfere with the description of betting which had so long existed at Tattersall's and elsewhere, in connection with the great national sport of horseracing." Such explanation would imply that the enactment was intended only for the suppression of betting offices, as they then existed, or list betting such as has been recently carried on; such species of wagering rendering necessary "a place," within the meaning of the act; and this was the view taken of it by the Edgware, as well as by the Newmarket justices; for, while the former convicted on the existence of the lists on Mr. Warner's ground having been proved, the latter sitting at "head-quarters" dismissed the summons, the exhibition of lists on the Heath not being permitted by the authorities. As the act, however, stands, this latter decision will probably be overruled on the hearing of the case. Indeed, I wonder it has not been attempted to invade the sanctity of "Tattersall's" itself, under its sweeping enactments. The present act must be repealed, unless public betting of every kind is to be abolished. Apart from the interference with the liberty of the subject, I need scarcely point out what incalculable injury this would inflict on the Turf. It consequently behoves those members of the legislature who desire to uphold horseracing and breeding and to secure to the public,

as I said last week, the right to bet among themselves in the old-fashioned manner of our fathers at Tattersall's, on racecourses and elsewhere, "to be up and stirring." An act should be immediately introduced and passed before the prorogation of parliament, otherwise the mischief will remain until its reassemblage next February. Even *The Times* is constrained to admit that "the act has undoubtedly received of late years a latitude of construction which was not contemplated when it was passed," and as in making this statement it simply echoes public opinion, there will be no difficulty in having the question set at rest this session, if it is properly brought before the House. In respect to the forthcoming Goodwood meeting, the *Manchester Guardian* makes itself responsible for the following:—"It is understood that the Duke of Richmond has determined to abolish betting during the Goodwood meeting as far as he can, and that in order to carry out this resolve his grace has determined not to permit the assemblage of professional betting men, nor even to allow the establishment of the customary Tattersall's ring. It is very possible that attempts will be made by the list men and others to carry on their trade, but they will find that the orders given to the police are peremptory, and that they will be carried out to the letter."

If the Duke of Richmond has resolved upon acting as above announced, I make no doubt that he has arrived at this determination, at least in respect to not permitting a "Tattersall's ring," or even a "betting enclosure," in consequence of the recent decisions, and so as to avoid a prosecution on his own account, but that he has any intention of interfering with the ordinary liberty of the subject to bet among themselves, I do not believe, nor could he possibly do so even if it were his wish. In respect to the lists, they will not of course be permitted, as the recent decision in Mr. Warner's case has sounded their death-knell, and the only surprise is that their existence was so long tolerated. That the meeting in the grand old Ducal park will, consequent on these proceedings, hardly pass off with its usual *craze*, there can be no question, and for this the sporting public have alone to thank the supineness of their representative men who might have had this vexed question settled in St. Stephen's during the current week.

The dispersion of another great breeding stud, that of Mr. J. Watson of Waresley near Kidderminster, took place last Saturday under the direction of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, when such prices were realised as shows the prosperous state of the turf, both at home and on the continent. The stud comprised the two sires Blinkhoolie and Teddington, twenty-eight brood mares, and fifteen yearlings, all of which were sold, with the exception of four yearlings and the sire Blinkhoolie, who failing to reach the reserved price, was bought in for 2,900 guineas. The brood mares, the greater number of whom had good looks and the most unexceptionable blood to recommend them, brought 8,080 guineas, or an average of 288 guineas, while the amount realised for the yearlings was 3,200 guineas, or 269 guineas each, which must be regarded as an excellent average. The principal of the home buyers of the brood mares, were Mr. Gee, of the Dewhurst Stud, and Mr. H. Baltazzi, while the representative of Count Henckel and M. Cavaliero, made many purchases to go to Austria and Hungary. Mr. Gee purchased no fewer than four brood mares with their produce, for which he gave 2930 guineas, and large as was the price they were well bought, as the lot included Summer's Eve by Stockwell, out of Summerside, with a colt by Pero Gomez, for which he gave 1000 guineas; Aline by Stockwell out of Jeu d'Esprit, whose price was 1120 guineas; Ess Bouquet by Orlando out of Bouquet, with a filly by Blinkhoolie, 520 guineas; and Canaretta by Lord of the Isles, 290 guineas. The three former are in foal to Blinkhoolie, and Canaretta to Pero Gomez. Mr. H. Baltazzi also bought four of the mares, giving 500 guineas for Flower Girl by Orlando, and 480 guineas for Fair Star by Thormanby. Count Henckel took Sunset, by Dundee out of Sunbeam, with her colt by Blinkhoolie, for 1010 guineas, and M. Cavaliero made three useful purchases, in Independence, by Y. Melbourne, with a colt by Trumpeter, Princess Beatrice by Newminster, with a filly by Blinkhoolie, and May Day by Dundee, with a filly by Blinkhoolie, getting the lot very cheap for 570 guineas. The yearlings sold, comprised six colts and eight fillies, and were an unexceptionally good-looking lot. Mr. Wadlow took the best of them; the colt by Blinkhoolie out of Aline, dam of Grand Coup and Glencagle, for one of his employers. He is a bay, with length and power combined, and was not dear for 860 guineas. The next highest price, 600 guineas, was given for a grand bay filly, by Lord Clifden out of Chamade, who was taken by Mr. Jas. Weatherby, for the foreign market, and he also took a very nice filly by Blinkhoolie out of Jeu d'Esprit for the same destination. Mr. E. Weever made choice of a colt by Lord Clifden out of Summer's Eve, a very clever-shaped youngster, who was not dear for 430 guineas, although he stood back in his knees. The others realised fair prices, and altogether Mr. Watson has a right to be well satisfied with the result of the sale, for although Blinkhoolie still remains on his hands, the foreigners, who are taking all our best blood, are sure to take him before the close of the year. Liddington was bought for the mere bagatelle of 100 guineas by Mr. W. Blenkiron, and as the lowness of the price was doubtless owing to his "roaring" infirmity, it is to be hoped that he was only purchased as a teaser for the Middle Park Stud, which has lately been renewed with such marked success.

The sad tidings comes from Newmarket of the death of The Hero, the most promising two-year-old that has been out this season. It will be remembered that he injured himself somewhat seriously some time back, the ill effects of which he had nearly shaken off, when on Sunday night last he unfortunately broke his thigh in his box and had to be destroyed. He was by Gladiateur, out of Lesane, and was engaged in the Derby and St. Leger, besides some other important races, consequently his death is a serious loss to Mr. Lefevre.

The racing of the current week calls for only very brief comment. It took place at Huntingdon, Chesterfield, Kingsbury, and Pontefract. No rain having fallen in the south, the Hinchbrook was as hard as nails, but nevertheless fair fields contested most of the races. The "punters" had the worst of it on the first day, as the favourites only won in three instances, viz., the Huntingdonshire Stakes, the Cambridgeshire Two-year-old Stakes, and Members Handicap, which were severally won by Shannon (who was my selection), the Colt by Liddington out of Aline and Caro. It was a fine point between Shannon and Barton and the great patience exercised by F. Webb on the former alone secured that rather shifty old mare the victory. The Aline colt achieved a clever victory and having done his recent purchaser a good turn he passed him on to Mr. J. Johnstone, who gave 155 guineas for him, thus benefiting the fund to the tune of a "pony." In the Hinchbrook Stakes, a capital field of ten started and John Peel being all to pieces, René who was my second selection won very cleverly, again showing that a loss the country has sustained by the deportation of Carnival to Hungary. The surprise of the day was the easy victory achieved by Puzzle over her eleven opponents for the Fitzwilliam Selling Stakes which shows what a change of scene will sometimes effect. At Newmarket she suffered a succession of defeats until she pulled off a little race at the July meeting; but here she took heart and tried, not only winning this race in a canter, but the Oakley Selling Stakes on Wednesday, when entered to be sold for 80 sovs., she

realised by auction 305 guineas! Another surprise was the easy success of Couleur de Rose for the Peel Handicap. A cast-off of Woodyates she was sold for a song; but having here a long way the best of the weights, she disposed of Kismet, Shyllocks, Maid of Perth, Eve, York, and three others very cleverly. On Wednesday the racing was nothing like so good as on the first day. The Apethorpe Stakes got back for the backers of Shyllocks some of the money lost on her on the previous afternoon; and Lady Glenorchy proved equally kind to her backers by winning the Milton Stakes from the Malton filly Equanimity and the Zelica colt, the latter of whom was regarded to be such a good thing that 5 to 4 was freely taken about him. He was nevertheless beaten very easily, as was Mr. Baltazzi's colt by Carnival out of Spanish Fly, who was also warmly supported. For the Cromwell Handicap the 10lb extra carried by Couleur de Rose for her victory on the first day effectually stopped her and the useful good-looking Mexborough achieved a very easy victory. Like Tuesday the day was not to pass without a "turn up" which occurred in the defeat of Tangible for the Ramsay Abbey Stakes. He was only opposed by a couple of two-year-olds in the shape of Fairy King and Friar Tuck, so 10 to 1 was betted on the flyer without compunction, while in some instances as much as 50 to 1 was betted against Fairy King. The result was in favour of the latter, for Tangible stumbled when the flag fell, and in his effort to recover himself, struck his mouth with his knees and knocking out one of his teeth, was subsequently in no humour to try, and was easily beaten by three lengths.

There were large fields and some capital sport at Chesterfield, but as nothing occurred at the meeting to affect the future, I have no occasion to further refer to the racing, which was for the first time under the management of Mr. T. Lawley, the excellent C.C. of Carlisle.

The Sussex racing circuit commences in the ensuing week, at Goodwood, and will continue during the following week at Brighton and Lewes. Although a lamented death in the Lennox family will prevent His Grace of Richmond from entertaining his friends at the ensuing *reunion* held in the grand old ducal demesne of Goodwood, the meeting will nevertheless be shorn of none of its attractions, as a distinguished party, including the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, will for the week occupy the "house" on the invitation of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to whom it has been kindly lent for the meeting by its noble owner, whose absence will nevertheless be a source of regret to many. The meeting as usual commences on Tuesday next, and will extend over the following Friday. The list is of about the usual extent, eight races per diem, and as excellent entries have been obtained for all the principal events and both the Stakes and Cup promise to be hotly contested, there will be no lack of exciting sport during the four days. And as—thanks to the excellent superintendence of Captain Valentine—the course, notwithstanding the great heat and drought, is excellent going, larger fields than we have lately seen at the starting-post may be expected to run for most of the races.

On the opening day the Lavant, the Gratwicke, the Ham, and the Stewards' Cup, are the principal races. The Lavant is for two-year-olds and the course only half a mile, so the contest will be "short and sharp." Of the twenty-four youngsters engaged, the following have been in public, Aide-de-Camp, Camballo, Chaplet, Calvine, Dreadnought, colt by The Duke out of Palm, Eleusis, Glenorchy, Holy Friar, Novar, and Telescope, and from what I can learn, the best of these which I take to be HOLY FRIAR, CHAPLET, and TELESCOPE (now that Camballo is off), have nothing to fear from the "dark" division. A long preference is, I consider, due to the first-named, the only fear being that he may again break a blood-vessel in the head as he did at Newcastle.

The Gratwicke Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 1 ft, which is for three-year-olds, and the course a mile and a half, is only a shadow of its former self, as it has only nine nominations, all of such moderate *calibre*, that I expect to see Mr. Savile's filly by Skirmisher, out of Vertumna, *recomp* him for the losses he sustained by her defeat in the One Thousand and Oaks.

The Ham Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 1 ft, is for two-year-olds, who have to run the T.Y.C., which at Goodwood is three-quarters of a mile. No fewer than three of the twelve horses nominated are dead, and the remainder being "dark," I can only suggest the likelihood of its falling to HIEROGLYPHIC or HANDICRAFT. The former is a stable companion of the Holy Friar, who is doing good work at Middleham, and Handicraft is an own sister to Kingcraft, being by King Tom out of Woodcraft.

For the Stewards' Cup, no fewer than 73 horses have been handicapped, but as the race is open to the post, and the weights have been adjusted with more than usual care, it is a very difficult matter to "spot" the winner, so long before the race, and with no market operations to point to the likely intentions of owners. Nevertheless, I believe that among the following half-score the winner is very likely to be included,

	age st lb		age st lb
Cantinero	4 7 12	Lady Bothwell	3 6 11
Maid of Perth	5 7 10	Princess Theresa	3 6 10
Mr. Winkle	3 7 7	C by Blinkhoolie—Miss	
Leopard	4 7 2	Hawthorn	3 6 5
Curate	5 7 1	Bugle March	3 5 9
Medema	5 7 1		

and I give the preference to

MAID OF PERTH and BUGLE MARCH.

On Wednesday, the second day, the most interesting of the eight items to be brought to issue are, the Drawing-room Stakes, the Findon Stakes, the Goodwood Derby, and the Goodwood Stakes. In the Drawing-room Stakes thirty-three three-year-olds are engaged to run the Craven Course, which is a mile and a quarter. Those which have shown some form in public are Aquilo, Volturino, Boulet, Coventry, Greenwood, and Narcissus, who may be opposed by Beggarman, Bosobel, and Warren Point, but as Aquilo has done little or no work since Ascot, I anticipate the success of VOLTURINO, who may apprehend most danger from Aquilo's quondam stable companion Narcissus, who seems to improve every time he runs.

In the Findon Stakes, thirty-three two-year-olds are engaged, including Colchique, Macadam, Stray Shot, Væ Victis, Margot, Lorette, Rotherhill, The Fakenham Ghost, and the colt by The Earl out of Cremorne's dam, the three former of whom have incurred a 3lb penalty, which will hardly stop COLCHIQUE, who is by Light out of Sister to Compromise, by Newminster, should he be sent from Chantilly to fulfil this engagement; and only in his absence, shall I look for the success of VÆ VICTIS, who it may be remembered ran Cachmere to half a length for the Althorpe Park Stakes, and finished second to Galopin for the New Stakes at Ascot, having behind her the half brother to Cremorne, Vasco di Gama, Dreadnought, the Crythea colt, and five others.

The Goodwood Derby may see ECOSSEIS successful, as George Frederick is not likely to run, and the "Flying Scotchman" ought surely to be able to dispose of such indifferent performers as The Thuringian Prince, Decorator, Dickey Bird, &c.

The Goodwood Stakes next claims attention, but having the week before last discussed the merits of the several horses which accepted, I have no occasion to weary the readers of this journal with a twice-told tale. The runners, I apprehend, will include the greater number, if not the whole, of the following, viz. :—

	age st lb		age st lb
Lilian	5 9 7	Rosehill	3 6 0
Fève	4 7 10	C by Saccharometer—	
Indian Ocean	4 7 8	Prescription	3 5 13
Redworth	4 7 7	Dalham	3 5 12
Cambuslang	4 7 0	Ascetic	3 5 11
Reflection	4 7 0	Lady of the Lake	3 5 10
Glencaigle	3 7 0	Petition	3 5 10
Scamp	3 6 7	Aide-de-Camp	3 5 7
Call Duck	3 6 1	Sidesman	3 5 7

Lilian, after beating Coventry for the Queen's Guineas, at Ascot, giving him 2st 4lb, must naturally have been given the highest weight by the handicapper, and, disproportionate as it may appear, the gallant Admiral who so ably performs that invidious office could hardly have given her a lighter impost, considering the inferior lot of horses he had to deal with. And until Coventry ran so badly at Carlisle, Lilian appeared fairly in; but now I cannot regard her as having the most remote chance, and, following the same line of argument, neither Fève nor Glencaigle, who were beaten so cleverly by Coventry at Ascot for the Stakes, has much chance of winning this great race, irrespective of the latter having been so easily beaten last week for the Liverpool July Cup. The success of Indian Ocean, estimated by his running this year, would hardly appear likely to the casual observer, but any judge of condition, who took the trouble to look at him at Chester and Manchester, might see that he was not then fit to successfully contend in either of the great Cup races for which he ran. And coupling this with the fact that he was never previously handicapped so favourably, and that he is a proved stayer, and has undergone a splendid preparation, I must regard his chance to be a great one. Adverse rumours were busy with this horse all the week, one statement being that he has a sore back, in consequence of which he went back to 20 to 1, but has since partially recovered his position in the market. Redworth has been always esteemed by Mat Dawson as a good horse, and has been over and over again backed by the Heath House stable, but has never run up to the form he has shown at home, consequently he is best left alone, though I doubt not his some day "doing a good thing." Cambuslang cut up so badly at Epsom that his running there quite does away with the little form he showed himself possessed of by winning the Manchester Cup. Reflection, after Indian Ocean, is more favourably handicapped than any horse engaged, and when it is borne in mind that she last year, carrying 6st, held a prominent place at the finish of the Cesarewitch, won by King Lud, and that her fine size and stride just adapt her for this course, she is bound to hold a prominent place in the contest, particularly as she has stood a fine preparation. At Huntingdon, however strong opposition broke out against her, leading to the inference that something is amiss with her. Scamp, to the greater number of those who saw him beaten at the Royal Meeting for the Stakes by Coventry, would appear to have no more chance than Fève or Glencaigle, being no better handicapped, and I admit having laboured under such impression until told by "one who ought to know," that he could have won the Ascot Stakes by many a length had his jockey only come with him in time. Call Duck may stay the course, and win if she does, but her winning the Spring Cup at Lewes, receiving 11lb from such a moderate horse as Deschidado, and 14lb from Lady of the Lake, hardly says much in her favour. Rosehill is fancied by a very clever party at Isley, but as he meets Cambuslang on 4lb worse terms than for the Manchester Cup, for which he ran second, I cannot regard his chance to be worth much. The colt by Saccharometer is a fine goer, and a greatly improved horse since last year, but as he appears to tire at the end of his gallops, and is not bred to stay on the side of his sire, I question his staying the course. Dalham is fancied by his owner and friends, but his performances in public having been simply wretched, the public will hardly be induced to follow him, as they did his own brother The Curate. Ascetic, who hails from Ashgill, has never done anything to warrant the hope of his winning such a race as this, and he will very likely be with Lilian an absentee. Petition and Pat will represent Manton on separate and independent interests, but that either is good enough to win I much question. Pat I believe to be the better of the twain, but that "bads the best" was proved on Friday week at Newmarket by the wretched figure cut by Greenwood in the race won by Tripaway, the former having, earlier in the week, run Pat to a neck, giving him 9lb. Lady of the Lake is a filly just adapted to get this course, and as she stays well must have a great chance, the difficulty in her case being to get a jockey able to finish with her at the end of this severe course. I know nothing about Aide-de-Camp nor Sidesman, beyond hearing that the owner and friends of the latter are fond of his chance, but he will indeed have been a "sidesman" to some purpose should their anticipations be correct. From the foregoing *curt resumé* it will be seen that I expect the race to fall to

INDIAN OCEAN,

who have most danger to apprehend from SCAMP and LADY OF THE LAKE, but if a surprise is in store for us, it may be effected by ROSEHILL.

For Thursday there are no fewer than eleven races in the list, including the Gold Cup, the series of Bentinck Memorial Stakes, the Molecomb Stakes, the Racing Stakes, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, &c. The Gold Cup is *par excellence* the event of the day, and although the scratching of Boiard and King Lud may in some measure detract from the interest of the race, a brilliant contest for this much-coveted prize may be anticipated, as the following are certain to contend for it, viz. :—

	age st lb	Probable rider
Flageolet, by Plutus—La Favorita	4 9 3	G. Fordham
Doncaster, by Stockwell—Marigold	4 9 3	F. Webb
Barbillon, by Pretty Boy—Scozzone	5 9 0	Custance
Kaiser, by Skirmisher—Regina	4 8 10	Maidment
Organist, by Cathedral—Gaily	3 7 7	Griffiths
Destinée, by Ruy Blas—Claudine	3 7 4	Wheeler

That Flageolet is nothing the worse for the two severe races he ran at Ascot, when he got second to Boiard for the Gold Cup and third to King Lud and Boiard for the Alexandra Plate, good proof is furnished by the spirited manner he has been recently backed, but as it was evident that had Doncaster "come" a little earlier in the race for the Cup that, he might have secured second honours, it must now be a very nice point between them, and the only pull I can see in backing the French horse, is that he will be ridden by the prince of jockeys, G. Fordham. Barbillon, last year, placed three good races to the credit of the Duke of Hamilton in France, but, at Newmarket, was defeated by Flageolet for the Jockey Club Cup, finishing the absolute last behind Lilian, Hannah, Eole II., and Corisande—a performance so little in keeping with his previous running, that I cannot regard it to be correct. Consequently, as he is now trained by John Porter at Kingsclere, and meets Flageolet on 10lb better terms than when they previously met, he has now only to be in his old form to beat him, and more unlikely things have happened than his proving the winner outright. Kaiser, it will be seen, meets both Flageolet and Doncaster on 7lb better terms than when they ran at Ascot, which, in my opinion, is quite sufficient to turn the scale in his favour; and, supposing Barbillon not to have returned to his best form, it strikes me that the brunt of the contest will be between Kaiser and Organist, who meet at a difference of 17lb for the year. That Organist proved himself to be a good honest horse by winning the Chester Cup, carrying

the comparatively heavy impost of 6st 6lb, there can be no question, but as the field he beat were non-stayers with the exception of Leolinus and Lydon (the former of whom was not fit and the latter quite unsuited to the tortuous course), too much weight should not attach to that performance, and he ought rather to be judged by his running for the Queen's Vase at Ascot. In that race he beat Montargis by a head at the very same weights he will now have to contend with Kaiser, while Lilian, the stable companion of the latter, giving him 2lb more, was third, three lengths off. The most casual observer could not fail seeing that Carratt threw away the race with Montargis, and as I do not believe him to be so good a horse as

KAISER,

I expect to see this direct descendant, in the male line, of the famous Blacklock, carry Mr. Savile's popular colours in the van for this glittering prize.

I may have been wrong in not including GANG FORWARD among the runners for the Cup, which I have done from hearing that he is not quite himself, which he will hardly require to be to win the Four-year-old Bentinck Memorial Stakes; while the race of the same name for three-year-olds is likely to fall to WHITEHALL or PAT; and that for two-year-olds, to the HOLY FRIAR or DREADNOUGHT.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes for two-year-olds, a new race of the clear value of 2,200 sovs. to the winner, is sure to bring out a considerable field, as the subscription is 200 sovs. each, all the money. Five of the twelve horses engaged have already run, viz. : Vasco di Gama, Garterley Bell, Mirflisor, Colt by the Duke out of Palm, and Colt by Skirmisher out of Cremorne's dam, only the first-named of whom has been successful. The "dark" division is consequently likely to furnish the winner; but of the above I fancy GARTERLEY BELL, who will be a trifle fitter than when he ran third for the July Stakes.

The sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each for two-year-old fillies will probably be contested by Chaplet, the filly by King Tom out of Lady Coventry, Régade, and some others. The latter, who is in the French stable, is bred to fly, being by Trumpeter out of Regalia, and that she was highly thought of, the number of her engagements, no fewer than twenty-five, furnishes sufficient proof. This filly is rumoured to be a clipper, but nevertheless it is safer to stick to public form, the LADY COVENTRY FILLY must have my vote, for, unlike her dam, the farther she went the other day in the Stetchworth Stakes the better she liked it, and there was no little merit in her winning that race, as she beat two really smart fillies in Pensacola and Renée.

The Racing Stakes may be contested by VOLTURNO, Aventurière, and Novateur, the former of whom has the best chance, according to his recent running at Ascot; and LA COUREUSE will take the sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, as she will have only Bugle March to beat.

The Molecomb, one of the principal two-year-old races of the Meeting, has twenty-one entries, including Telescope, Craig Millar, Calvine, the Crythea colt, Régade, and the colt by Skirmisher out of Cremorne's dam. Telescope has incurred a 5lb penalty, which has stopped many a good horse on this course, and as Régade will doubtless be kept for the Filly Stakes, this race seems likely to fall to Mr. Crawford, by the aid of either CRAIG MILLAR or CALVINE, between whom there is but little to choose.

The Sussex Stakes is also for two-year-olds, six of whom are engaged, including HIEROGLYPHIC, who may take this race, as well as that in which he is engaged on Tuesday. The Visitors' Plate and the Chichester Handicap, both of which have yet to close, make up a day's sport likely to eclipse any ever held at "Glorious Goodwood," and well worthy of the distinguished company that is sure to be present to witness it.

For Friday there is also a wonderfully attractive list, as it includes the Chesterfield Cup, the Nassau Stakes, the Stafford Stakes, the Nursery Stakes, the Duke of Richmond's Plate, the Marsh Stakes, &c., &c. For the Chesterfield Cup 58 horses have been weighted, with a likelihood of some twenty of them reaching the starting-post. The race will, as usual, be in some measure discounted by the result of the contest for the Stewards' Plate, but irrespective of that event, the three I regard to have the best chance to get the mile and a quarter are BLANCHEFEUVE, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb, Miss Toro, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb, and ALDRICH, 3 yrs, 8st. The Nassau Stakes for three-year-old fillies looks to be a good thing for LA COUREUSE, but the Stafford Stakes, which is for two-year-olds, is a very open affair, nearly all the fourteen horses engaged being "dark." The entry for the once famous Nursery Stakes is not so numerous as might have been anticipated from the favour in which that race was held prior to that species of race being discontinued by the order of the Jockey Club. Only thirty-two horses have been nominated for it, but as among these are many winners, the putting of them well together will test the ability of the Hon. handicapper, who, I trust, will so adjust the weights as to ensure a large field and a fine contest. The remaining races close the evening previous, and so my vaticinatory task, which I trust may be of service to the readers of this paper, is ended.

BEACON.

Principal Turf Fixtures for 1874.

GOODWOOD STAKES (2½ miles)	Wednesday, July 29
GOODWOOD CUP (2½ miles)	Thursday, July 30
BRIGHTON CUP (2 miles)	Wednesday, August 5
GREAT EBOR HANDICAP (2 miles)	Wednesday, August 26

Latest London Betting.

GOODWOOD STAKES.

100 to 7	1st Reflection, 4 yrs, 7st (offered)
5 to 1	Scamp, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (taken and offered)
9 to 1	Fève, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb (taken and wanted)
100 to 12	Redworth, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (offered, take 11 to 1)
10 to 1	Petition, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb (taken and offered)
100 to 8	Pat, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb (taken and offered)
100 to 7	Cambuslang (taken)
10 to 1	Indian Ocean, aged, 7st 5lb (taken)
20 to 1	Rosehill, 3 yrs, 6st (taken)
20 to 1	Dalham, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb (offered)
1000 to 45	Lilian, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb (taken)
25 to 1	Call Duck, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb (taken)
33 to 1	Glencaigle, 3 yrs, 7st (taken)
25 to 1	Sidesman (taken)
25 to 1	Lady of the Lake (offered)
66 to 1	Encore (taken)
500 to 5	Prescription c (offered)
100 to 8	agst Dalham and Rosehill, coupled (taken)

GOODWOOD CUP.

3 to 1	1st Organist (taken freely)
100 to 30	Kaiser (taken freely)
4 to 1	Flageolet (taken and offered)
5 to 1	Doncaster (taken and offered)
200 to 10	Mario Stuart (taken)
12 to 1	Barbillon (taken, after 10 ponies taken)
1000 to 30	Lilian (offered)

ST. LEGER.

5 to 1	2nd Apology (offered)
4 to 1	George Frederick (taken and wanted)
7 to 1	Atlantic (offered, 8 to 1 taken and wanted)
10 to 1	Leolinus (taken)
20 to 1	Feu d'Amour (taken and offered)
50 to 1	Ecossais (offered)
500 to 7½	Daniel (taken)



"ANY PORT IN A STORM."

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WILLIAM TAYLOR'S PATENT PATENT DISINFECTING BOTTLE.

The most active and lasting of all Disinfectants.

THE best and cheapest Aërial Disinfectant in the world. The gas which rises from this bottle, when the stopper is removed, is pure Chlorine, which, from the time of its discovery by Scheele in 1770, has been well known to the chemical world as possessing the most active oxygenating principles. As an enemy to smells, and every kind of noxious effluvia arising from decayed animal or vegetable matter, as also a powerfully destructive agent of the miasma arising from cases of fever, smallpox, and other infectious diseases, it stands pre-eminent. Chlorine is also a powerful deodoriser of all materials as clothing, upholstery, &c., &c. The following testimonial speaks for itself:—

"56, Shoreditch, London, N.E.,
November 21, 1873.

"Dear Sir,—I have paid some attention to your new Permanent Disinfecting Bottle, and find that it is well adapted for the purpose of a disinfectant. Its being so portable and so easily used are strong recommendations in its favour. The advantages it possesses over other disinfectants are, that it may be always at hand (as it will keep any length of time), used in a sick room, small or large, or in several rooms during the day as required, and its being perfectly clean, not having to be thrown about the floor, &c. I believe it will be found to render important sanitary service to large numbers of the community.

"I am, yours sincerely,
"JAMES FLACK, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.,
&c., &c."

"Mr. W. Taylor, 56, Brunswick-street,
Hackney-road."

The bottles are sold at from 6d. to a Guinea each, according to size, make of case, finish, &c., and may be had by order of any Chemist, or direct from the Proprietor. Descriptive Price Lists forwarded free.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer:

WILLIAM TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE MEDICINE VENDOR,
56, BRUNSWICK STREET,
HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON.



DERBY WINNERS, 10s. and 5s. each, with correct Portrait of Jockey. Sizes 34 in. by 24 in. and 24 in. and 18 in. Beautifully coloured. Also handsome Frames, 12s. and 6s. each.

THE WINNING POST AND TATTENHAM CORNER, representing the Struggle for the Derby. These are the finest Sporting Pictures ever published, 25s. each.

GEORGE REES,
41, 42 & 43, RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
Opposite Drury-lane Theatre.

SEDADENT, THE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE,

Forms a Stopping
For the Teeth of Children or Adults,
And is Easily Applied.

Price 1s. 1½d.; post free 1s. 3d.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS,

AND BY

MESSRS. GABRIEL,
DENTISTS

72, LUDGATE HILL, CITY,

AND

56, HARLEY STREET, W.,

Where they are daily in attendance and administer

THE NITROUS OXIDE
OR LAUGHING GAS

In connection with their

PAINLESS SYSTEM OF DENTISTRY

TO SING AND SPEAK WELL.

Take 5146 Testimonials, including Jenny

Lind, Christine Nilsson, Louisa

Pyne, Sir Michael Costa, Hon. Neal

Dow, Archbishop Manning, and

Herr Theodor Wachtel, Court

Singer to the Emperor of Germany.

6d., 1s., 2s. 6d. Boxes, post free, 7,

14, 3s. stamps.—MILES DOUGHTY'S,

Chemist, 26 and 27, Blackfriars-

OLEO CHARTA,

A PATENT WALL PAPER, Waterproof and Washable. Decorated by Art-Workmen in every style, to suit the Palace, the Mansion, and the Cottage.

These Enamelled Paper-hangings do not absorb DAMP or INFECTIOUS DISEASES, and are especially adapted for Bedrooms, Nurseries, Colleges, Schools, Hotels, Seaside Lodging-houses, Assembly Rooms, Baths, and Hospitals.

LEE & CO., DECORATORS & UPHOLSTERERS, PATENTEES & SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
180, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

IRONMONGERY! IRONMONGERY!! THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF TOOLS & IRONMONGERY

IS AT

SAINT AND SAINT'S,

120, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, & 70 & 71, SKINNER ST., E.C.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.

CHUBB'S FIRE AND THIEF-RESISTING SAFES. CHUBB'S PATENT LOCKS AND LATCHES, CASH AND DEED BOXES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

CHUBB & SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.;
AND 68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W., LONDON;
MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, AND WOLVERHAMPTON.

BENITES'

"LA PLATA" EXTRACT OF BEEF.

Manufactured by Messrs. A. BENITES & CO., of Buenos Ayres, at their
Manufactories at Gualeguaychu (Argentine Republic).

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED
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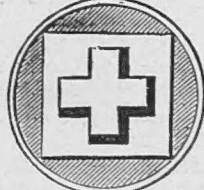


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BRUXELLES,
Sole General Agent
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"LA PLATA" EXTRACT OF BEEF.

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DE LA CROIX ROUGE.

This Extract is prepared under the superintendence of a chemist according to an improved process, by means of perfected mechanical appliances, which exclude all manual labour. It is a pure Extract of Beef, free from fat and gelatine. Each pound contains the soluble nutritive parts of 34lbs. to 36lbs. of the finest Beef, exclusive of bones and fat, corresponding with about 45 lbs. of the best English butchers' meat.

It will not deteriorate by exposure to the air, and will keep for years in any climate. It is received, examined, and bottled under the superintendence of a pharmaceutical chemist, who sells it under his own responsibility, and has every interest in sending it out good. It thus combines every condition that can be desired, and it is for the consumer to decide from the taste and smell whether or not it is superior to all brands known and acknowledged as first-class.

The Trade Mark represents a Bullock reclining; and this distinguishing mark should always be insisted upon. Messrs. A. Benites & Co. exclude Sheep entirely from the manufacture of their Extract, science and experience having demonstrated that Beef alone gives to the Extract the necessary properties.

"LA PLATA" EXTRACT OF BEEF:

Depôt—ANTWERP AND BRUSSELS.

EDGE & FRANCIS, Sole Agents for the United Kingdom, No. 16, Philpot-lane, London, E.C.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

INDIGESTION.

MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE, HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

SEE NAME ON LABEL. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Sold as Wine in bottles, from 3s.; Lozenges, in boxes, from 2s. 6d.; Globules, in bottles, from 2s.; and as Powder in 1 oz. bottles, at 5s. each, by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,

T. MORSON & SON, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.
INDIGESTION.

BREECHES TREES,
30s., 35s., and 40s. Case 10s.

BOOT TREES,
Ankle, 12s. 6d. to 30s.; Top, 20s. to 60s.

BOOT STRETCHERS,
Instep, Joint, and Toe, 12s. 6d.

GLOVE TREES,
6d.; polished, 8s. 6d.

FAULKNER, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer,
52, South Molton-street, Bond-street, W.

SADDLES, HARNESS, and WHIPS

Manufactured by B. ELLAM, 213, Piccadilly, London. The cheapest and best house in England for all kinds of first-class saddlery, harness, and whips, racing or hunting tackle, racing caps and jackets, racing clothing. First-Class Medals in London and Paris Exhibitions, and two in the Vienna Exhibition for high-class workmanship and design.

FULL-SIZE SADDLES COMPLETE FROM 70s.

Every description of saddlery, military outfits, and horse clothing, &c., &c., at equally low prices.

B. ELLAM, 213, Piccadilly, London.

THE CHERTSEY BRIDGE HOTEL,

CHERTSEY. This charming Hotel, facing the river, and having its own private landing-stage suitable for boats and steam launches of all sizes, has this season of 1874 entirely changed hands, and is under first-class management. Every accommodation for boating, fishing, and pleasure parties. Wines and cigars of the choicest selection. The culinary department is thoroughly attended to. Boats for hire. Capital stabling.—All communications to be addressed to the Manager, the Chertsey Bridge Hotel, Chertsey, Surrey, May 1, 1874.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—A Screw Steam Launch, capable of accommodating 25 to 30 persons, is now attached to the Hotel, and can be hired for the day or week (all found) for pic-nic parties, &c., on most reasonable terms.

GEOLOGY.—MR. TENNANT, 149, STRAND, W.C., has various Collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils for Sale. They can be had at prices varying from Two Guineas to Five Thousand Pounds, and are suitable for the working student, a first-class college, or a nobleman's gallery. Mr. Tennant gives instruction in Geology and Mineralogy.

ALL YOU THAT SUFFER

FROM BAD EYES,

READ THE FOLLOWING

TESTIMONIALS.

THOUSANDS OF CURES.

MOST WONDERFUL RESULTS

EVER KNOWN.

THE following are selected from Thousands of Testimonials, the whole of which can be proved Genuine.

From Miss WILD, Waterloo-road, Cheetham, Manchester.

Fairy Hill House, June 18, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I wish you to forward me another bottle of your Eye Liquid as soon as possible, for I find it is doing me good already. Hoping to have it by return.

1, Beehive Terrace, Wilton-street, Lozells,
Birmingham, August 23, 1873.

Mr. John Ede, Birchfield, Birmingham.

Dear Sir,—I am now in my eighty-fifth year, and have been suffering from defective sight for the last four years to such an extent that I was entirely prevented working at my business, namely, that of a rule-maker. About the first week in January this year I purchased a bottle of your "Patent American Eye Liquid," since then, and up to this date, I have had two others, and am delighted to say my sight is so far restored that I am enabled, even at my advanced age, to resume work at my trade. You are at liberty to make any use of this letter you choose for the benefit of other sufferers, and refer any person to me you please.—I am, dear sir, yours &c.,
WM. BAKEWELL.

Lancaster Street, Birmingham, June 5th, 1872.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the value of your Eye Liquid. I was suffering from a severe burnt eye, and after applying your valuable Liquid several times I was perfectly cured. I can also testify that it has done some wonderful cures for my shopmates. I shall not forget to recommend it to my friends, as I am sure it is well worthy of recommendation.—I am, your obedient servant,
ALEXANDRA ADAMS,
Gun Furniture Forger.

March 1st, 1873.

Sir,—Your Patent American Eye Liquid has quite taken the kink from my daughter's eye, being quite blind for several days. Please send me another bottle, as I shall always keep one by me.—Yours truly,
Mrs. BREALY, B 94, Brearley Street.

143, New John Street West, Birmingham.

Sir,—I was suffering from a severe cold and inflamed eye. I consulted two physicians, but to no relief; and being recommended to try your Patent American Eye Liquid, I did so; being happy to say a few dressings have quite cured me.—Yours, &c.,
A. LILLY.

Birmingham, March 8th, 1873.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure to inform you that using the 2s. 9d. bottle of your Eye Liquid has quite cured the eyes of my favourite pony, the little grey that took first prize in the Horse Show. I thought it quite an impossibility to cure it, but before using it all I found his sight as good as ever. I have also suffered myself from dimness of sight, and occasionally a mist came over my eyes so that I could scarcely see to receipt my bills; but, after using your Liquid several times I have not suffered since. Yours, &c.,
FRED. BOWER, Maltster, Brewer, and Wine and Spirit Merchant, Albion Street, Birmingham.

To Mr. J. Ede.

Victoria-road, near Potter's-hill, Aston Park,

July 22, 1871.

Dear Sir,—My eyes have been weak and bad for many years, and I could not get anything to do them any good, till a neighbour of mine told me to get a bottle of your Liquid, and I did so, and I find a great relief from it, for I can see better now than I could thirty years ago. It wants no recommendation—it recommends itself. Those that have tried it will never be without it. Please to send me another 2s. 9d. bottle.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. CLARK, 82 years of age.

Landdown Villa, Birchfield.

Sir,—I have tried a bottle of your Liquid, and it has made my eyes quite well. I shall recommend it to everybody I know, for I am sure it is a good thing for the eyes, for I speak as I find it.—Yours truly,
G. C. BAKER, late of the Tower Arms,
Lench-street, Birmingham.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the surprising efficacy of your famed Eye Liquid, which thoroughly believe has cured me of a scum on the right eye, which I had suffered from for about nine years, after trying numerous remedies for several years without any good result. Accept my grateful thanks.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES REILEY,

To Mr. Ede. Serg.-maj. Royal Cardigan Militia

Dear Sir,—Mr. Mountford, builder, of Small Heath, informs me that his wife was afflicted for two years and a half with a dimness in both her eyes to that extent till she could scarcely see. Had medical advice but to no purpose, was recommended to try your Eye Liquid, and after only two bottles was completely cured; and she is willing for you to make what use you like of the above for the benefit of others.—Yours truly,
RICHARD BROWN, Chemist, Spring-hill, Birmingham.

Mr. Ede,—Sir,—I feel very happy to let you know my eyes are much improved. This is my own writing and I have not had the pleasure of doing the like for a number of years, until your valuable remedy enabled me to do so. I hope you will put my name in your list of testimonials. Let any person come to 35, Bow Street, Little Bolton, and if I do not thread the smallest needle they can produce then I am in fault. They may enquire from the neighbours who have known me for the last 36 years in one street, and they will tell them I was unable to find my own door until I obtained your valuable Liquid. I had begged myself paying doctors 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle for about two thimblefuls of Eye Water, but all to no use. I went to the eye institutions of Liverpool and Manchester, where they put me in great torture by turning my eyes, and operating on me in various ways to no purpose. I was getting worse until I was told of your remedy, which appeared in the Birmingham newspapers, and I obtained a small bottle. I shall for life feel obliged and thankful to you; more I cannot do than pray for your prosperity and welfare. I am 84 years old, but still healthy, and my shop of 22s. a week waiting for me when I choose to go to it.—I am yours,
PATRICK GAVIN, 35, Bow Street, Little Bolton.

Mr. Ede.—Sir,—I will thank you to send me a bottle of Your Eye Liquid, a friend of mine purchased a bottle during his visit to Scarborough and received so much benefit from it that I am induced to try it.

E. GRAY, Aire and Calder Glass Co., Castleford,
Near Normanton, Yorkshire.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the Wonderful Cures and Great Sale, the PATENT EYE LIQUID now commands unparalleled success. Persons are now trying to palm off a Spurious Article on the public. Ask for and see that you get EDE'S PATENT AMERICAN EYE LIQUID on each Label. Sold in every town in the Kingdom. By post from Mr. John Ede, Birchfield Road, Birmingham.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., offer special facilities to ladies and gentlemen having LEFT-OFF CLOTHING to dispose of. They attend any time or distance, within twenty miles of Charing Cross, they purchase goods of every description, in large or small quantities, they pay cash in every instance, and punctuality is strictly regarded. They will be happy to receive commands, either verbally or by letter, at their only address, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, W. It is respectfully requested that the address may be noted and kept for reference. Cards forwarded on application. Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England. Established 1800. Terms cash.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., have been noted for years for giving the highest price that can possibly be given for the above; also Officers' Uniforms, Court Suits, &c. Ladies and gentlemen privately waited on by Mr. or Mrs. L. Davis. Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England. Established 1800. Terms cash.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., are prepared to give the full value for WATCHES, Plate, Jewellery, Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, Plated Goods, Pictures, Old China, Books, Old Lace, Indian Goods, and every description of miscellaneous property. Established 1800. Terms cash.

WANTED, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.—Mr. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., is prepared to BUY PIANOFORTES, Chimney Glasses, Dining, Drawing, or Bed Room Suites, Turkey, Brussels, or other Carpets, Libraries, Brass, Iron, or other Bedsteads, Spring Mattresses, and every description of Household Furniture and effects. Established 1800. Terms cash.

POST OFFICE ORDER OR CHEQUE

SENT FOR

PARCELS FORWARDED.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, W., beg to call special attention to executors and others having ladies' or gentlemen's wardrobes to dispose of; that they have been the recognized principal buyers of the above for the last 74 years. Ladies and gentlemen waited upon in town or country within twenty miles of Charing Cross free of expense. Established 1800. Terms cash.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., are the well-known BUYERS OF LADIES' WARDROBES. Only address, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W. Country orders for appointments punctually attended to. Established 1800. Terms cash.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, W., London, are the well known BUYERS OF GENTLEMEN'S WARDROBES. Only address, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W. Country orders for appointments punctually attended to free of expense. Established 1800. Terms cash.

FOR PARCELS FORWARDED

A PRICE WILL BE SENT FOR APPROVAL IF REQUESTED.

IF NOT SATISFACTORY,

GOODS WILL BE RETURNED,

OR P.O.O. OR CHEQUE

SENT FOR FULL VALUE

IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF GOODS.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., are now BUYING SILK, Satin, Velvet, Merino, Satin Cloth, Rep, and every other kind of DRESSES, either in good or inferior condition. The highest price guaranteed for every description of ladies' or gentlemen's left-off clothing. Letters punctually attended to. Established 1800. Terms cash.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., are open to BUY OLD BROCADED SILK or SATIN DRESSES, furs, laces, Indian goods, &c., and every description of left off apparel, for which the most liberal prices will be given. All letters punctually attended to. Established 1800. Terms cash.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., wait on ladies and gentlemen punctually by appointment to PURCHASE every description of ladies', gentlemen's, and children's CLOTHING, Table and Bed Linen, Curtains, Carpets, &c., Household Furniture, Pictures, Old China, Harness, Horse Clothing, &c. Established 1800. Terms cash.

POST OFFICE ORDER OR CHEQUE

SENT FOR

PARCELS FORWARDED.

WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.
—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, W., are now prepared to call or send their agents to ladies and gentlemen residing within 20 miles of Charing-cross, for the PURCHASE of LEFT-OFF CLOTHING, Uniforms, Furniture, and every description of property; at the same time they beg to caution them that there are persons travelling the country and using their name. They, therefore, deem it necessary to request them to address all letters, parcels, &c., 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W. N.B.—Agents calling from Mr. or Mrs. Lewis Davis must produce their letter requesting them to call. Established 1800. Terms cash. Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England.



YOUNG'S ARNICATED CORN AND BUNION PLAISTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease, and removing those painful excrescences. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Any Chemist not having them in stock can procure them. Observe the Trade Mark—H.Y.—without which none are genuine. Be sure and ask for Young's.

MONEY, TIME, AND LIFE
ARE LOST IN THE EVENT OF
ACCIDENTAL INJURY OR DEATH.
Provide against these losses by a Policy of the
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY
AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.
The oldest and largest Accidental Assurance Company.
Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or
64, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT STREET.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

W. SMITH, HERALDIC
ARTIST, South Transept, Crystal Palace, Engraver, the Sinker, and General Designer. Crests and monograms Emblazoned in Water Colours, on Tablets and Books, and in Oil, on Carriages, Hatchments, &c. Crests engraved on Seals, Rings, Book Plates, and Steel dies for stamping paper. Estimates for Presentation Parchments, and all kinds of Illuminations; sent free. Specimens may be seen at above Address, a catalogue forwarded if required.

IMPROVED DWELLINGS FOR THE PEOPLE.
THE ARTIZANS' LABOURERS', AND GENERAL DWELLINGS COMPANY, LIMITED.
Capital, £250,000. Shares £10. £5 paid per Share. President—The DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.
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The Company is especially formed to erect improved workmen's dwellings on the co-operative principle. No beer-shop or tavern to be erected on the company's property. Deposits received at 5 per cent. Prospectuses on application, enclosing postage stamps.
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Diploma of Merit, Vienna Exhibition, 1873.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.—The best Penny Packet in the World. Makes delicious Bread without Yeast; Puddings, Pastry, &c., without Eggs, Butter, or Lard. Bread made with this Powder is much easier to digest, and much more wholesome than that raised with Yeast, and a larger quantity is obtained from the same weight of flour. One trial will convince the most sceptical of its superiority over others.
Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Oilmen, in 1d. Packets 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins.
Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., Leeds.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.—The most delicious SAUCE in the World to Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c.
Sold by all Grocers and Oilmen, in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.—Trade mark, Willow-pattern Plate.
Proprietors—GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., Leeds.
Diploma of Merit, Vienna Exhibition, 1873.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.—The best and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. For the relief of Indigestion, General Debility, and Loss of Appetite it is invaluable. Recommended for its Purity by the *Food Journal*, Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., Wentworth L. Scott, Esq., F.R.S., F.A.S.L., F.R.S.S.A., the *Lancet*, &c.
Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Oilmen, in large Bottles, at 1s., 1s. 1d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each.
Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., Leeds.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.—For upwards of half a century these Pills have been esteemed as most effectual both for the prevention and cure of disease. From their timely use rendering the doctor unnecessary, they are universally known as THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE. To be had of all Chemists at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.
ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.
PULVERMACHER'S Improved Patent GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, BATTERIES, and ACCESSORIES, from 2s. and upwards.
Reliable evidence in proof of the unrivalled efficacy of these appliances in Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Deafness, Head and Tooth Ache, Paralysis, Liver Complaints, Cramps, Spasms, Nervous Debility, and those Functional Disorders arising from various excesses, &c., is given in the pamphlet, "Galvanism: Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy." Post free price 6d., or "Medical Electricity: its Use and Abuse," post free for three stamps.
Apply at PULVERMACHER'S Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent-street, London, W.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER
TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 500 medical men to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided—a soft bandage being worn round the body; while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the Manufacturer,
MR. JOHN WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.
Price of a Single Truss—16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage free.
" Double Truss—31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage free.
" An Umbilical Truss—42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage free.

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